The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914.

Summary of the News

The Government of the United States on Monday sent a memorandum to the British Government, through Ambassador Walter Hines Page, relating to the interference with American commerce by British warships. The text of the memorandum, to which we refer elsewhere, has not, as we write, been published, but it is understood that the protest is couched in firm but friendly language.

The bold yet cautious rôle that Italy is playing in European politics was again manifested when, on Christmas Day, she landed bluejackets at the Albanian port of Avlona and took possession of this important place. The position which Italy has taken up is at once strong and dignified. In every action she has taken since the beginning of the war for the proper maintenance of Italian prestige she has made it evident that she is prepared to fight if need be, but at the same time that she is anxious to maintain her neutrality unimpaired if that is possible. Six months ago Italian occupation of Avlona would infallibly have called forth a furious Austrian protest, followed, if the step had not been immediately retraced, by a declaration of hostilities. It will be remembered that the installation as sovereign of Albania of the unfortunate Prince William of Wied, who all undeservedly added in his time to the gayety of nations, was Austria's counter-move to Italian ambitions on the eastern shore of the Straits of Otranto. The war gave to Italy the opportunity to establish her influence in Albania, which Austrian jealousy had denied her, and following the revolution which ended in the ignominious departure of William of Wied, Essad Pasha, her protégé, established himself, as they say in Mexico, as "provisional president" in the region around Durazzo.

It is a revolt against Essad, fostered apparently by the not very intelligent diplomacy of Austria and by Turkish emissaries preaching a holy war, that has led to Italy's present intervention. Her declared purpose, as notified to the Powers by the Italian Foreign Office, is to maintain the independence, integrity, and neutrality of Albania as agreed upon at the Conference of London, which means that Italy will not permit Albania to become involved in the struggle with Austria and Turkey and against Servia and Montenegro. As we write no protest has been received from the Powers, who a short time ago undertook to settle the destinies of the unfortunate Albanian nation, but now are occupied with other matters, and it appears probable that Italy will remain in unmolested occupation of Avlona, if she so chooses, for the duration of the war. At any rate, it is unlikely that a protest, unless of the most formal kind, will be heard from Austria, as any serious attempt to interfere with the liberty of Italian action in Albania at this time would almost certainly result in adding her to the enemies of the Teutonic Alliance. How delicate the position of Italy was regarded as being even two days before the Avlona incident was reflected in the insurance rates quoted at Lloyds, which were thirty guineas per cent. against war between Italy and Austria, Germany and Turkey within one month, and fifty guineas per cent. against war within six months.

It was announced in the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies last week that Germans had again invaded Angola, Portuguese West Africa, and had made another attack on the military post at Naulila.

Figures indicating the small extent of the recent Boer revolt were published by the South African Government last week. According to this statement 4,000 rebels are now in prison, 1,000 have been sent to their homes on parole, and there are still a few roaming about the country. These are, however, without leaders and are surrendering upon the appearance of Union forces.

German "annexation" of Belgium, according to information received in this country last week, has gone beyond the stage of merely imposing arbitrary fines on cities already ruined, and has reached the more formal stage of demanding that foreign representatives accredited to Belgium shall receive the hallmark of Potsdam approval. Representatives of various neutral countries have received notice that the exequaturs crediting them to Belgium will no longer be recognized, but that provisional recognition may be granted, presumably on application to the German authorities. A similar notification has been received by the State Department. As we write, no action has as yet been taken by the United States regarding this latest demonstration of German thoroughness.

An interesting suggestion in connection with the conference of the Kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, at Malmö, to which we drew attention last week, is made in dispatches to the London *Morning Post* reporting a telegram published in several Scandinavian newspapers. It is that one matter discussed at the conference was the feasibility of merchant ships belonging to the three countries being convoyed by war vessels, in which case the presumption would be that belligerent nations would refrain from instituting a search, the convoy being a guarantee that the cargoes were destined for neutral ports. Attention is called to the fact that this expedient was practiced by the Scandinavian countries during the American war of independence.

Recent rumors of a widespread revolutionary conspiracy in the Philippines appear, from a report of Governor-General Harrison to the War Department, published on Monday, to have been grossly exaggerated, and the exaggeration, as we point out elsewhere, is not free from the suspicion of having been prompted by political motives. The Governor-General's report makes it clear that the so-called revolutionary movements have been small and isolated affairs, consisting of gatherings of a few men of the ignorant classes, without firearms, which were easily dispersed by the police. They seem to have been instigated by an enterprising person called Ricarte, who from the safe seclusion of Hongkong has for some years extracted graft from the pockets of the ignorant by conducting a revolutionary propaganda, one of the most lucrative features of which has been the selling of commissions in his "army" at moderate prices, varying from ten cents to five dollars.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels on December 24 sent to the Naval Committees of the Senate and the House a draft of an amendment, which he urged should be incorporated in the Naval Appropriations bill to be enacted during the present session of Congress, providing for the authorization of a naval reserve from among honorably discharged enlisted men of the navy.

The French Chamber of Deputies on December 23 unanimously voted an appropriation of 8,500,000,000 francs to cover expenses, including those caused by the war, for the next six months. The appropriation was also passed in the Senate by a unanimous vote.

An order in council was issued on December 23 prohibiting the transfer of British ships to foreign register unless a license for the purchase is obtained from the British Board of Trade.

Official announcement was made last week that the London Stock Exchange would reopen on January 4. The conduct of business will be subject to various stringent regulations imposed by the Treasury, among which are mentioned the maintenance of the present minimum price lists, and the condition that no member will be permitted to negotiate the purchase or sale of shares dealt in on the American market "at a less price than the English equivalent of the New York closing price on the 30th of July."

The Japanese Diet was dissolved by the Emperor on December 25 on account of the rejection of the Government's measure providing for an increase in the army. The measure was rejected by a majority of sixty-five. An increase in the navy was approved by the House by a majority of seven.

Dispatches from Peking on Thursday of last week contained interesting intelligence of the revival under the Republic of an historic ceremony, fallen into neglect since the expulsion of the Manchu dynasty in 1911. On December 23, conforming to legislation passed by the Chinese Administrative Council nearly a year ago, which prescribed the worship of heaven and of Confucius by the President of China, Yuan Shi-Kai took on himself the function hitherto reserved for the Emperor, and at sunrise appeared before the Altar of Heaven, reviving the worship of heaven at the winter solstice.

The deaths of the week include: Mark Birmingham, Alfred H. Lewis, December 23; John Muir, Prof. Alfred Fournier, December 24; Gen. Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, December 25; Bertram Dobell, December 26; Miss Grace Hoadley Dodge, Charles Martin Hall, Archbishop Patrick William Riordan, December 27; Leonard E. Ware, December 28.

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The Week

It appears to be beyond doubt that our Government has made pretty strong representations to Great Britain on the subject of vexatious interference with neutral commerce. So far as can be gathered from the Washington dispatches, the Administration is neither making a formal protest nor laying down hard-and-fast positions, but is reciting grievances and asking for a clearer understanding. Our shippers are entitled to know under precisely what risks of detention or seizure they may send forward goods. That there was some uncertainty in the British practice of the right of search, in the first weeks of the war, was perhaps hardly to be avoided. Conditions were intricate. We had a blockade which was not a blockade. We had open seas which were yet closed by mines. We had lists of contraband and conditional contraband which were continually being revised. But the time has certainly come when all these obscurities should be cleared up. Definite rules of procedure the United States may now rightly ask for. About them we wish to know, in the first place, whether they are in full compliance with international law; and, if they are, what steps our exporters must take to observe them. Here is no question of ruffling up to England, or putting this country in a hectoring position; it is simply a question of a vigilant safeguarding of our neutral rights. We make no doubt that our attitude will be judged wholly reasonable and friendly by the British Government.

Blusterers about King Cotton thought in 1861 that England should dispatch frigates to America to enforce shipment; in 1914, Gov. Colquitt tells us, he would "have sent ironclads to England's door" before he would have permitted our cotton to be held for want of transportation. The paltering Administration policy is exposed by a State Executive who would use the army and navy to compel Europe to pay 15 cents for cotton. By a series of half-way measures, the Administration is now trying to save its face, but it cannot fool Gov. Colquitt. Two months ago it induced Great Britain to announce that cotton shipments were not contraband, and more recently France to do the same; but only after both nations had bought all they needed at 6½ cents. It has even induced its commercial attachés to cable that "the greatest trouble about cotton movements is caused by contraband, especially copper, mixed with cotton cargoes." To-day it is pluming itself on the fact that cotton shipments the fortnight before Christmas reached 557,000 bales, as against 513,000 last year. Plainly, Gov. Colquitt has stepped forward just in time to show up the disgraceful record.

Further revelations as to the lengths to which the British censorship has gone in suppressing news to which its public is surely entitled can only intensify the profound disappointment that this sort of thing can go on in an Anglo-Saxon country. We do not, of course, refer to the military news; if the English authorities wish to be as silly in regard to the loss of the Audacious as they are—London weeklies are printing her picture, and everybody knows why—that is their own affair. They are certainly in this case deceiving no one. The discouraging and dangerous thing is the application of the censorship to political news. Thus, our London correspondent reports that the powers that be there have not permitted the English public to know that Japan intervened at Great Britain's request; that China protested against the violation of her neutrality by British and Japanese troops; that the Japanese Diet has protested against England's limiting the field of Japan's war activity, etc., etc. Surely, when the war is over and the facts become known, the Government which has permitted this sort of thing will have a pretty day of reckoning unless the Englishman by that time has fallen into a state of mind in which he prefers being humbugged. But if he retains his old jealous regard for his rights and privileges, he will surely do a vast amount of protesting, if only at the humiliating assumption of his mental instability and untrustworthiness from his Government's point of view, which underlies this astonishing suppression of facts.

The news that the Japanese Diet has rejected the great army budget proposed by the Government will be a disappointment to jingoes everywhere, and especially to our own, and to our newly formed Security League. Had it gone through, they would have shouted at once: "Now you see, Japan is arming, and so we must." As it is, if we should take their advice, our arming would instantly be utilized in Japan as another reason for more ships and more men for them. This is precisely the stupid game which has brought Europe to its present low pass, and the Japanese Diet is entitled to the greatest credit for having called a halt, even if it should prove to be but a temporary halt. This voting of greater credits for army and navy is one of the surest ways to work against peace the world knows; yet it is always represented as a necessary insurance. We sincerely trust that our own Congress will follow the example of the Japanese Diet and resolutely refuse to increase army or navy, at least until the war is over, when our legislators can really see where the world stands. If we go in for a large army and navy budget, the next Japanese Diet may not prove so wise and, as some British newspapers have been saying, it will then be England's duty to arm against us.

Mr. Menken's "Security League" was originally formed, according to its projector, not to join in a wild jingo demand for more guns, ships, and men, but merely to get the facts as to our military status before the public; perhaps, in order to quiet what is called the "prevailing unrest." Last week it was all but stampeded into the usual wholesale demand for enormous outlays by a resolution calling for the expenditure of $100,000,000 at once, to be met by an issue of 3½ per cent. bonds. This was barely defeated by an appeal for inquiry and investigation first. Congress is, however, to hear from the Security League that it should accept at once all the recommendations of the most belligerent generals and of the Navy General Board. The latter's proposals have been so extreme as not once to have been endorsed in full, if we remember rightly, by a single Secretary of the Navy. Why the League should stop at $100,000,000, we cannot see. Are they willing to take the awful responsibility of standing by that figure when by the expenditure of $102,500,000 they can really protect us against invasion? Whether an inquiry is held or not, we venture to prophesy that the League will promptly be lined up with the Navy League in demanding practically unlimited military expenditure. Finances never weigh with those affected by this craze. They know we are spending 72 cents of every dollar on wars, past and present, but they are quite ready to add $3,500,000 more to our tax-burdens, to say nothing of the sinking fund, the upkeep of the armaments purchased, and all the rest; and this in the middle of a war whose outcome ought to spell freedom from such burdens, and not increased pressure upon the laboring classes.

To pass an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it is necessary to obtain a two-thirds vote in its favor in each of the two houses of Congress, and the approval (by mere majority vote) of the Legis-

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latures of three-fourths of the States. Each part of this process of approval is a substantial act, involving the full responsibility of every person sharing in it. No idea could be more dangerous than that the part of Congress in the affair is of no importance. Upon Congress the most essential responsibility rests; a fact which requires no enforcement upon any sober mind, but which, as it happens, is very strongly emphasized by several circumstances. In the first place, the population represented by a majority vote in each of three-fourths of the States may, on account of the extremely unequal size of the States, be not only a minority, but a highly unrepresentative minority, of the people of the country. Secondly, the absence of any assigned time-limit as to the approval by the Legislatures makes it possible for the approval of three-fourths of them to be obtained without there being at any one time any such number of States whose Legislatures favor the proposal. And finally, closely connected with this, there is the circumstance that Legislatures elected without the slightest reference to any such issue may be snapped up for the purpose at a favorable moment, their vote having no real significance as an indication of deliberate public sentiment. In rejecting the Prohibition amendment last week, the House of Representatives fulfilled a Constitutional duty of the first importance.

If Congress is to enact any general legislation, the two remaining items of Secretary Lane's conservation programme—the general leasing bill and the Lane-Ferris public lands water-power bill—assuredly merit attention. Both have passed the House and are being pressed in the Senate by the Administration and the conservationists; both are meeting with some opposition from power companies and Western State's-rights men. It is the intent of the opposition to postpone their passage till the next session, at least. Yet as Secretary Lane points out, "there can be no argument for these measures or against them which was not made before the House Committee or the House itself, and their passage commends them as expressive of a practical policy which the country will find increasingly advantageous." The one makes more available the public minerals. The other repeals the old water-power revocable permit law, by which capital has no guarantee against arbitrary eviction, and makes feasible the development of our potential resources on a new scale—but 5,000,000 of our 150,000,000 kilowatts now being utilized. Committee hearings make it plain that most of the opposition comes from interests that would grab too much; and the reporting of the bills will bring the fight out where public opinion can assist them.

Those high-tariff Pennsylvania manufacturers who have again demanded of President Wilson that he abandon his "theory" and make them all prosperous and rich by means of *their* theory, are certainly among the most robust reasoners of our time. Nothing stops or changes them. Their logic flows on sublimely, disregarding all facts. That conditions are radically different now from the middle of July, when they first called upon the President to quit his fooling and admit that there was no hope of salvation except in protection, does not make the slightest difference to them. The world has since been convulsed by the greatest of wars, but what of that? In July they were in mortal dread of terrible importations of goods from Europe, and these the war has cut low, but does that make them waver? Not a hair's breadth. With heroic tenacity they stick to their one infallible remedy. Raise the tariff, and we shall all instantly flourish like a green bay tree. And they are equally admirable in their pertinacity of gloom. Others are plucking up courage, welcoming signs of better times, pointing to opening mills and men employed again. But none of these things move the Schuylkill Valley philosophers. Let all the world be wrong, they know that they are right. There can be nothing but ruin until the tariff on their manufactures is raised three-tenths of one per cent. And if, meanwhile, Gabriel should blow his horn and the earth fall in a crash, we are sure that these consistent and persistent gentlemen would rise to say: "This would never have happened if the tariff had not been lowered."

No man ever did or ever will win the Presidency by helping to pass State laws which violate the nation's solemn treaty pledges and impose needless, dangerous slights upon the people of a neighboring friendly power.

This, from a long editorial in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has reference to Gov. Johnson's aspirations. He can best promote his ambition for the Presidency, it says, "by serving public notice upon the new California Legislature that he will veto any bills which may be passed at the next session proposing further to humiliate Japanese residents of California or to abbreviate their limited industrial opportunities in that State." And it gathers together a number of expressions of opinion from California journals which evince a gratifying sense of responsibility in the matter of our relations with the Japanese. How representative of the general tone of the California press these may be, it is difficult to judge, but the St. Louis newspaper regards them as clearly indicating the present unpopularity of anti-Japanese agitation in California. It is the one comforting consideration, when such ebullitions of senseless intolerance occur as have in recent years been witnessed on the Pacific Coast, that these moral diseases are apt to run their course, like physical ones, and to disappear with as little reason as they emerged. If this should prove to be the case in the present instance, it will be ground for national congratulation. Mr. Taft, in his speech a week or two ago on the danger of war for our country, put none too great emphasis on the importance of this matter of treaty-defying race antagonism as the chief source of peril.

Can a Federal Board with such functions as those of the Board of Mediation and Conciliation be held to its original aims? The report of Commissioner Chambers betrays a certain anxiety lest expansion into doubtful fields of peace-making be hard to check. The work of the Board is already extensive. In the past year it has mediated in twenty-eight railway disputes in which strikes were threatened, involving 125,000 employees. In all these cases the issues were of wages, hours of labor, or conditions of employment, and in nearly all were serious and complex. But both employers and employees are coming to refer trivial controversies also to the Board; some implying "the interpretation of schedules and contracts which cover both rates of pay and conditions of service, and in some instances questions of discipline." There is pressure upon the Board from employees to enforce its awards. But its true work is to lead the opposed parties, by voluntary steps, to agreement. Since the great threatened strike of Eastern trainmen in July, 1913, it has undoubtedly saved the country a large sum; and its dignity and reputation for impartiality are carefully to be safeguarded along the lines of the original Newlands Act.

Constitutional scruples should not be treated lightly, but the report of the General Education Board shows a salutary dissipation of those which long prevented the Government from engaging in the work of Southern farm demonstration. When the Board began its labors in 1906, the Southern farmer was struggling under a handicap of

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ignorance which held his average annual earnings in some States below $150. The Department of Agriculture, though combating the boll weevil on experimental farms, refused to undertake practical agricultural education, on the ground that Federal funds could be used only for interstate purposes. The offer of the Board to finance such work under the direction of Federal officers made possible the gradual appropriation of Government money, until last year came the announcement that the Government would fully take over and extend purely educational farm demonstrations. The amounts spent by the nation, the States, and the Board combined totalled $47,000 in 1907; in 1914, $1,000,000. An encouraging fact is the increase in State appropriations, amounting last year to about $500,000. The Western State universities long ago proved the value of farm-demonstration work, and yearly use huge sums in it; there is no reason why the Southern agricultural colleges and State Boards of Agriculture should not carry on a similar endeavor.

The centre of the child-labor problem is not in the factory, but on the farm, at least in North Carolina, according to the professor of rural sociology in the State University. The proportion of children on the farms to those in factories he puts at sixteen to one, yet for the protection of the former there are no laws regulating either the number of hours they may work or the age at which they may begin. On the side of educational and other opportunities, also, they are under a handicap as compared with the boys and girls of the factory towns. Even in the matter of the standard of living they are behind. Yet the term "child labor" suggests long hours indoors, machinery, dust, tenement homes. These are the work of man, but do we not speak of God's out-of-doors? The factory is at least a more or less enterprising form of activity, and we have become accustomed to hearing of dwelling houses and school buildings put up by factory owners, especially in places where the factory is the only reason for the community about it. The farm, on the contrary, supposedly capable of supplying all its own wants, has found it easy to settle down into a rut and get along on as little as possible. Rural sociology will have no trouble in finding a large field for investigation.

Seldom, if ever before, in our history have seventy-four men, ranging from Mayor to gunmen, and including judges, a sheriff, policemen, and other city employees, been indicted in a body. If this had happened in New York under Croker or in Philadelphia under Ashbridge, surprise would have been smothered in satisfaction, but who could have expected it in Terre Haute, Ind., a couple of decades after the "blocks of five" scandal? The charges against Mayor Roberts are many: levying assessments upon proprietors of gambling houses, saloons, and dance halls; hiring men to haul repeaters to the polls; intimidating others in order to force them to enter the alleged conspiracy; directing the making of cards of false registration, and so on. These acts, if they were committed, violated the Federal election law. While there is a certain comprehensiveness in the indictments, in that they include men who call themselves Republicans and Progressives as well as Democrats, yet, in the words of the Indianapolis *News*, "The men under arrest are all members of the Crawford-Fairbanks-Roberts machine, and most of them are habitués of the 'red light' district." That is, the *News* adds, maliciously, "they belong to the governing class in Terre Haute." That newspaper rejoices at the arrests because they deal a blow at an old system: "Precisely such crimes have for years marked Terre Haute elections. The men guilty of them have never felt that there was the slightest danger that punishment would follow. They have gone about the business as though it were a legitimate industry."

No one can have read the obituary notices of the life of John Muir, whose death occurred last Thursday, without being impressed with the feeling that here was one of those grand personalities seldom met with in any generation or in any country. The combination of high intellectual powers with a nobleness, simplicity, and purity of spirit far more rare is what gave his life and work its unique character. Such a life would be an inspiration for all, even if it had accomplished no great public service of a specific nature. But in Muir's case, we have not only his scientific and literary output, but the invaluable and imperishable service he rendered to his country and to the world in giving the chief impulse to the preservation of the marvellous scenery of our national parks. One cannot avoid a pang of keen regret that, in spite of his singular part in this achievement, the voice that he raised in his old age for the saving of one of the most precious bits of the Yosemite region from impairment was raised in vain.

The late Alfred Henry Lewis falls into the category rather of Artemus Ward than of Bret Harte. Unlike the delineator of Poker Flat and Roaring Camp, the author of "Wolfville Days" had little genius for the short story; his tales kept to the simple outlines of the sketch. Perhaps for this reason they bring into clearer relief the elements of humor and picturesqueness of character as the chief literary materials of the early West. His pictures of the personalities of the long-winded Old Cattleman; Doc Peets, "the genteelest sharp, and the best eddicated, that ever dwells in Arizona"; Cherokee Hall, "predestined kyard-sharp"; and the rest of the camp which eats its daily flapjacks at the O. K. Restaurant, and adjourns to the Red Light bar—are rather caricatures than anything else; but they are legitimate and amusing caricatures. The episodes, too, are of a sort harmonizing with the wonderful adequacy and impossible flavor of the Arizona language.

The panoply of war may be ready prepared, but its songs must be impromptu. If a Randall or a Rouget de Lisle does not come forward, a camp-meeting hymn fits out the words of "John Brown's Body"; those who are astonished at the vogue of "Tipperary," as Frenchmen were at "Il fera très chaud dans la ville ce soir" in 1898, must remember that the recruit wants something new—the war-songs of yesteryear won't serve. It needs but a casual review of English songs to demonstrate the fact. "Over the hills and far away. Over the hills and o'er the Main, To Flanders, Portugal and Spain," has all the plaintive sense of distance required, with a history and tune alike respectable—Queen Anne's armies sang it. Geography and sentiment are appealing in the old Somersetshire "High Germany":

O don't you hear the bugles, the route at last has come,
And we must march away at the beating of the drum.
Go dress yourself in all your best, and come along with me,
We're going to the cruel wars in High Germany.

Every regular British regiment knows the air of "The British Grenadier," and the list of martial lyrics by great English poets is not short. It is the tendency of a nation's war songs to grow better as the conflict lengthens; but for initial use it would seem the military authorities might have a few approved but "new" tunes up their sleeves—to save the troops from taking just anything at hand.

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MEANER THAN THE MEANEST FILIPINO.

The Filipinos may be a bad lot. They may have no sense of gratitude, no political decency; and may be without fairness or honor in controversy. But we are bound to say that the worst of them shine by comparison with the American public men and the mob of our Republican newspapers that have seized upon the seditious incident at Manila to make a railing attack upon the whole Filipino people. Aha! the cry is, now you see that we were right when we said that they were a set of savages, no more fit to rule themselves than so many Apaches. And as for our ineffably silly President, notice what he has brought about by his idiotic Jones bill promising the Filipinos independence. Precipitated a revolutionary outbreak, that's what he has done. Anyhow, the nonsense has ended now, and we'll hold the islands under stern military rule long after all these incompetent and unpatriotic Democrats are dead.

The infinite meanness of all this is deepened by its cool disregard of the facts. In their rush to defame the Filipinos and score a point against the Administration, these Republican assailants are like a Moro *jurado* running amuck. They simply lower their heads and strike out right and left, not stopping to ask whether they are hitting friend or foe. Their one great assertion is that this petty insurrectionary disturbance, which was put down by the police alone, is the direct result of the pushing of the Jones bill in Congress. Except for that, this man Ricarte, aspiring to be a second Rizal or Aguinaldo, would never have plucked up courage to undertake his machinations. A little thing like the historic fact does not bother them or restrain them in the least. Governor-General Harrison, in reporting the affair, which he describes as trifling, declares that Ricarte has been carrying on his revolutionary propaganda in Hongkong "for several years." It seems, then, that he didn't wait for Jones to give the signal! And if it be said that Governor Harrison is prejudiced, or compelled to do a little official lying, the same cannot be alleged, in this matter, of Dean Worcester. This former Secretary of the Interior in the Philippines, under a Republican Administration, has an interview in the New York *Tribune* which could scarcely have been read by the writer of the ramping editorial about the "Sedition-Coddling Jones Bill" in the same paper.

Dean Worcester quietly explains that it is absurd to attribute any serious importance to the methods or manœuvres of Ricarte. He himself was long ago familiar with them. Ricarte "has tried repeatedly to cause trouble in the country, but never was successful." And Mr. Worcester is emphatic in his opinion that none of Ricarte's dupes or tools can give any real anxiety to the authorities. The whole thing has been for years thoroughly understood, and is regarded in Manila as farcical. Dean Worcester adds, with a great good sense, that all such stories ought to be "scrutinized with special care" at a time when the Jones bill is pending. Turning the argument neatly against the editor of the *Tribune* and his fellow-flagellants, he remarks: "There are Filipinos opposed to the bill who might start them [such stories] to influence public opinion."

It is not necessary to say that this sudden outcry against the Filipinos, upon so flimsy a basis, and against the Philippine policy of the Administration, is political in its motive. The trail of that serpent is conspicuously over it all. To so partisan an attack, no one would object provided it were made in a way not to degrade its authors and lower the country in the eyes of the world. Go ahead, gentlemen, in your mere party assaults upon President Wilson, to your heart's content. Make him out an imbecile. Reduce his policies to pulp. But do give a thought to the effect upon the outside world of all your abuse of the Filipinos, and your apparent willingness to have this country treat them in the roughest spirit of the military conqueror and aggressor. You can't help being partisan, but can't you throw a veil of decency over your partisanship? Your object is to discredit the Administration, but can't you go about it in a way not to discredit the American people, by making it appear that they are ready, with you, to be meaner than the meanest Filipino?

It is not worth while to dwell upon the reasoning of this new outburst against the Filipinos. The Ricarte fiasco is said to prove them incapable of self-government. Even if the affair had been formidable, instead of a fizzle, it would not have proved that. The doings of the Clan-na-Gael were not a demonstration that the Irish were not fit for Home Rule—though there have been many Tory Englishmen, like these Tory Americans of ours, to affirm that they were. Home Rule for Ireland came on nevertheless. But it is the wretched spirit and the grossly ill-timed character of this new denial of the rights of the Filipinos to aspire to possess and govern their own land, which most affront. Here we are at a time when the feelings of the world are peculiarly sensitive on the subject of small nations, and their brutal treatment by larger; when every man of liberal sentiments is hoping and predicting that the end of the war will bring a great change in the attitude of the bigger Powers towards dependent peoples; and this is the juncture chosen by American Imperialists of the baser sort to make a new assertion of their high and mighty intentions regarding the Philippines. That this writes them down for what they are is their own affair, and does not matter. But that they are in the act defiling, so far as they are able, the good name of the United States, is really the disgraceful and repulsive thing. We devoutly hope they will quit it.

"THINKING," GERMAN AND OTHER.

Maximilian Harden, in his Berlin newspaper, the *Zukunft*, has had the courage to tell his countrymen the real reason why the opinion of neutral nations bears so strongly against Germany. It is not, he says, that "they are not told the truth." In admitting this, Harden abandons as hopeless the whole German propaganda abroad, especially in the United States. It was based on the assumption that Americans had been fed upon lies, and that as soon as Germany should be able to get her case before them, they would at once change their mind. This was the theory of campaign of the German professors, of the individuals and the associations in Germany that began to flood the American mail with letters and publications, and of the various Germans who, officially or otherwise, have undertaken the defence of the German cause in this country. That the whole effort has come to nothing is obvious. American opinion remains what it was. Nor was it built upon falsehood. All this mighty attempt to set us right has not produced a single fact, a single document, a single argument which was not known in the United States from the beginning. The trouble was, as Maximilian Harden now states, not that we did not have the truth, but that we were "unable to think as Germans do."

This is both frank and philosophic. It goes near to the root of the difficulty. Something of the same thought was expressed by President Eliot at the New England dinner last week when he said that the ideals of Germany were different from those of the United States. We Americans cannot bring ourselves to think, in all this matter of war, in the terms which are native to the German mind. What happens to an American when he tries to do it, is rather pathetically

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shown in a little pamphlet which has just reached us from Munich. It is from the pen of George Stuart Fullerton, well known as a professor of philosophy in Columbia University. He writes as "An American to Americans," and entitles his pamphlet, "Why the German Nation has Gone to War."

Now, will it be believed that in the entire production not a solitary explanation is offered of Germany's reasons for going to war? All that Professor Fullerton has done is to give a sympathetic interpretation of German militarism. He knows and loves the Germans, and seeks to make it clear how it was that a peaceable, scientific, music-loving people should have felt it necessary to arm to the teeth, to become a *Volk in Waffen*. All this is done intelligently and interestingly, but the war itself is described merely as "inevitable." Professor Fullerton says in so many words:

> I make no reference to the neutrality of Belgium, nor do I think it worth while to touch upon the question who first formally declared war on this side or on that. In the light of what the world now knows, these have become wholly *trivial* matters.

But what is all this except a demonstration of the fact that when an American sets himself to thinking about the war as the Germans do, he instantly makes negligible what to the American mind has all along been and to-day continues central and vital?

Far be it from us to set up American thinking as a model of all that is clear and straight. Only, if anybody is going to tackle the job of inducing Americans to think differently about the war, he ought to start out by getting an adequate notion of what they do think, and why they think it. Regarding the causes of the war, and the responsibilities for beginning it, public opinion in this country early came to a very decided verdict, and there is no evidence that it has changed or will change. The great differences of view among Americans, relating to the war, have now to do only with its conduct and with the possibility of bringing it soon to an end. On the latter point there is a great deal of thinking—or, at least, of talk and writing—which falls lamentably short of letting the mind pursue the subject to the end. It is so easy to confuse what we wish with what we have the power to do! Of course, all Americans wish that the war might stop to-morrow. All of them would be proud and happy if there were any way in which the United States could effectively and peacefully intervene to put an end to the frightful loss of life and wrecking of civilization. But the hard facts being as they are, what is the use of raising the cry that our Government ought to "do something"? This is not thought; it is pure emotionalism. Until a man can present a worked-through project, at once feasible and demonstrably efficacious, for protests by neutrals against the continuance of the war, he ought not to urge such a thing. It may show that his heart is full, but it will go far towards proving that his head is empty. The United States Government proffered its good offices from the beginning of the war. The President assured the warring Powers that they might avail themselves of the proffer at any time. Publicly and officially, we can at present do no more. We cannot, that is, unless we desire to get into a position from which we should have to retreat ingloriously, or which would lead us to go to war ourselves.

The alternative is, we do not deny, terrible to contemplate. What it is was shadowed forth last week in the statement of the French Prime Minister to Parliament. It had previously been made plain by the responsible rulers of Great Britain and Russia and Germany. After the appeal has madly been made to brute force, there is nothing for it but to wait till one side or the other is bled white and asks for terms. It is awful to think of this, but thinking of the other sort should have been done before the war. Not in vain did Sir Edward Grey warn the Kaiser that a refusal to seek peace by means of a European Congress would be followed by "immeasurable consequences." What they are, we now see in all their terror. Out of them all, we may yet hope that the wrath of man will turn to the glory of God. Translated into modern thought, this means that the very denial of civilization and humanity may work out into a higher civilization and a purer humanity. If that results, we may yet come to feel of this awful war, as Lowell did of our Civil War, that it was, despite itself, a "great corrector of enormous times."

ECONOMIC THOUGHT AND THE WAR.

Prof. Henry C. Emery contributes to the *Yale Review* for January a most notable article, the title of which, "German Economics and the War," does less than justice to the wide range and the significant character of his discussion of what may be called the intellectual basis of Germany's attitude towards the world, and towards the general problem of war and peace. It is not only German economics—*i. e.*, German economic doctrine—but German views, German habits of thought, in the domain of history and jurisprudence, that he subjects to illuminating comment. He brings out the natural operation of these intellectual causes, in connection with certain fundamental traits of the German character, in creating that state of mind which has played an essential part in paving the way to the stupendous conflict which the world is now witnessing. In the judgment of those who believe that "tout comprendre est tout pardonner," Professor Emery's article will go far towards absolving Germany of her guilt in bringing on the war; while those who consider that maxim false in theory and pernicious in practice will yet recognize the pertinence and the force of the considerations he brings forward.

We shall not attempt to convey any idea of the content of the article as a whole; but there is one passage in it, easy for the wayfaring man to appreciate, to which we should like to draw special attention. "For the historian or economist," says Professor Emery, "one of the most fascinating features of the present struggle is the problem as to how far the war is the result directly of economic conditions and how far it is the result of economic teaching that holds struggle to be a necessary part of economic life. I have at times gone so far as to suggest that the war might properly be called 'the war of the economic interpretation of history.' This means that it has been brought about as much by ideas regarding economic pressure as by any direct economic pressure itself."

As regards the deeper intellectual prepossessions, those that are more distinctly of an abstract or doctrinaire nature, the peculiar traits of the German mind and temper are largely responsible for the hold these have taken upon the people. But in the matter of the influence of "ideas regarding economic pressure," rather than the economic pressure itself, being the cause of national policies and national antagonisms, Germany is just like other nations. In such a country as our own, or as England, quite as much as in any other, it is constantly necessary to fight against delusions of the "manifest destiny" type in the economic field. In the early weeks of the present struggle, at the close of an editorial on the part played by protectionism in fostering the spirit that leads to war, we said:

> Those who talk so glibly about economic causes being at the bottom of all the developments of history would do well to give their attention to the part which, even in the economic field, is played not by the economic causes themselves, but by the ideas which men entertain in regard to those causes. If the South had known that slavery was not

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essential to her economic prosperity, there would have been no Civil War; and it is not an overbold supposition that, if the nations of the world had been emancipated from the delusions of protectionism, the passions and prejudices which have had their part in bringing on the unspeakable horrors of the world war of to-day might never have attained the intensity that made such a calamity possible.

What Professor Emery has in mind is something broader and more essential than the question of protection or free trade; but, while German doctrinaires harp on survival, struggle for existence, and so on, the generality of Germans, when they talk about economic pressure, are thinking of matters much more nearly related to their immediate bread and butter. And it is delusions concerning international trade, incomparably more than the actual facts concerning that trade, which are with them, as with other peoples, the source of dangerous jealousies and fears. How prone even men of intellectual power are to such delusions, and how possible it is for them to get a footing even in a nation long habituated to freedom from them, was strikingly shown in Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable revival of protectionism in England a little more than a decade ago.

What is most distinctive in the operation of intellectual dogmas or prepossessions upon Germans is not, however, so much the susceptibility of their minds to the influence of abstract ideas as the unqualified dominance which they permit these ideas to have upon the actual conduct of life. Something like that kind of dominion was ultimately acquired in the South by the abstract doctrines which were gradually built up in justification of slavery; but it would be difficult to name any other instance even distantly approaching it, in any modern people except the German. In their unbending acceptance of the supposed dictates of abstract thought there is something unquestionably admirable; it is of a piece with that German thoroughness which has been an example to all the world, and in so many ways an example of inestimable value.

But there are limits beyond which loyalty to the commands of abstract reasoning becomes disloyalty to instincts deeper and more abiding, and principles more vital to the soul's integrity, than the teachings of any school. Carried far enough, this disloyalty may, on the moral side, become ruthless inhumanity; on the intellectual side it may become sheer madness.

WAR'S REACTION ON LITERATURE.

We are now in the second stage of the literary production caused by the war. The first rush of writers to the colors was inevitably hurried and confused. The poets could not keep their verses even nine days for polishing, much less could they follow the Horatian rule, and the result was necessarily crude. There was much shouting and exhorting and posturing, but very little poetry. Nor were the prose-makers much more successful. In the first weeks of the war there were great efforts to make some large utterance that might measure up somewhere near the tremendous event, and the public was eagerly on the watch for a literary genius who could express something of the might and horror of the conflict, but there was little but disappointment to record. Now, however, the poets and dramatists and masters of prose have had time to get their second wind. How are they at present reacting to the immense suggestions of the war?

No one will pretend that a literary masterpiece has accompanied the roar of the cannon. We still get writing that is more curious than compelling. Some of it is highly interesting. None of it is of the sort that Clough had in mind when he summoned poets to come to make clear to the world the "inner meaning" of its experiences. In default of this, we are left to study, rather, the strange and unexpected ways in which different writers are affected, in their thought and style of composition, by the war. Who could have predicted that it would make Barrie heavy-footed? Yet in his ineffective little war-play, "The Day," he moves with "all the playful grace of a hippopotamus." This is one more horror of war, that under its influence the whimsical, the fantastic, the lightly imaginative Barrie should have become stodgy! On the contrary, we find that Kipling, who might have been counted upon to outdo himself in his own battle-axe, 'Ercles vein, is capable, in story in the *Century*, of a delicately conceived and deftly executed bit of work. Without once mentioning the word Belgium, and paying his readers the compliment of supposing that they will know what he means without a nudge in the ribs, he gives a very penetrating, because very restrained, impression of the pitiful misery of bereft Belgian childhood, as reflected in the consciousness of a kind German woman. Alongside this admirable bit by Kipling may be placed the condensed drama by Leonid Andreyev, translated by Mr. Bernstein and published in the New York *Sun*. Here, too, is literary art which, if war could not stimulate, it could at least not silence.

All such minor and chance exceptions, however, serve but to confirm the general conviction that the reaction of this war upon literature has not been to the latter's benefit. Maurice Hewlett was speaking about the matter in London a few days ago, and sought to work out the principle that good writing cannot, in the nature of the case, be done in time of war—especially such an overpowering and all-engulfing war as the present. He insisted upon the element of calm as essential to the poet's endeavor to reflect life. It is "emotion remembered in tranquillity" that enters into all great poetry. And when every mind is engrossed by a pressing world-disturbance, the brooding leisure and the attitude of soul requisite to high literary production are necessarily wanting. It is not reasonable, therefore, Mr. Hewlett argued, to look for any great poem about the war, or really masterful writing about it, until the war has long been over.

Not even then will it surely come. Prof. Gilbert Murray has girded against the notion that a stirring war makes stirring literature. He has pointed out that there has never been in England a really great poem about the Armada. And the literary expression of the long Napoleonic struggle was nothing, on the whole, for Englishmen to look back upon with pride. They had to wait almost until our own day for Thomas Hardy, in the "Dynasts," to do something like justice to that period of upheaval and striving. Our own Civil War was as far as possible from producing a literary flowering, at the time or later. Turn over the pages of an anthology of American war ballads, and with two or three exceptions, they are a pretty sorry lot, artistically. No, among the fallacies about war, none is more patent than that it directly quickens literary talent. Far in the past, after the graves are grass-grown, it may lend itself to imaginative treatment; but at the moment it bears down too depressingly upon the writers, as upon the rest of us. Mr. Hewlett gave the poets and the dramatists who are tempted to write about the war one good piece of advice. They should not try to do too big a thing. And they should be afraid of their own facility in producing the obvious. What they should seek is simplicity, a quiet sensing of one or another aspect of human suffering, a not too vainglorious rendering of national aspiration, and, above all, a heart sensitive to the subdued wail of women and children, a "faculty of tears."

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THE SCHOLAR BOOK-COLLECTOR.

The death in London of Bertram Dobell, book-collector, book-seller, poet, and discoverer of rare manuscripts, recalls the liveliest passage of Dibdin's "Bibliomania." "'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an ardent bibliomaniac—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon, 'you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever read books?'" The sneer has lacked justification in the case of others than Dobell, though his is perhaps the brightest instance of the scholar-bibliomaniac. He read five hours a day; he was the patron of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," who badly needed encouragement; he identified Thomas Traherne's works, and published them in 1906 and 1908, interrupting the labor to bring out the poetry of William Strode; and he contributed to our knowledge of the life of Lamb.

It may once have been true that the bibliophile who read a book was regarded as was the fox-hunter who shot a fox. We hear of men like Sir Thomas Phillips, who bought largely and seldom opened the cases his books came in; and in general he who purchases a Shakespeare for $3,000 because it is rare gets less benefit from its pages than he who invests little with the intention to read. But the death of Dobell is a reminder of what a long line of deeply cultivated book-hunters preceded him. We speak not of those to whom collecting has been an avocation—and among these are queens, popes, financiers like Colbert, writers like Scott and Southey, and warriors like Prince Eugene—but of those to whom it was a vocation or little less.

One of the list, for example, is the mighty book-hunter, Archdeacon Meadow, who went up to London in the last century to be examined by a Parliamentary committee, and returned penniless, followed by a wagon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible; a scholar in that field ripe and full. Another is John Payne Collier, long as well known in London bookshops as was his "History of English Dramatic Poetry." Halliwell-Phillips, of Shakespearean fame, was an inveterate rambler in Booksellers' Row. We know in our own day the work done by Dowden and by Grosart, the former noted for strokes of luck, the latter as sturdily pedestrian a collector as he was a scholar. But for the great mid-century names in the list we must go to the "Confessions" of W. C. Hazlitt, descendant of the essayist and chief of cataloguers. For years he worked in connection with Richard Heber, who had been largely instrumental in saving the library of George III from sale to the Czar, and whose "Bibliotheca Heberiana," published in thirteen parts, held notes on Dekker, Gascoigne, Marlowe, and others. Huth and the library he filled from a full pocket are made famous by the reprints of that name. Both were scholars and linguists, and the latter, son of a German father and a Spanish mother, studied on a cosmopolitan scale. Locker-Lampson was collector, poet, and investigator in one. Finally, we have Lang's "The Library," and Augustine Birrell's essay lamenting the day that Oxford's sons actually at times walk past a book-stall without stopping "just to see what the fellow has, you know." Book-collecting on some scale, in some limited period, is naturally a *sine qua non* of real research; but these men have covered a catholic field, have acquired duplicates—the sign of departure from book-getting for literary and professional purposes—and have been, in fine, virtuosos.

The tendency to put book-collecting to the fullest possible literary and scholarly use has beyond all doubt grown, stimulated alike by the character of modern scholarship and the character of the book trade. Few pedants like Gissing's "Christopherson," collecting books aimlessly till they crowd the wife from her last room, can longer exist. In the change, commercialism has played a part. The romantic days when book-collecting was done through ignorant intermediaries offering unknown bargains is past; now the merchant himself tries to bring all transactions into the full light of exact knowledge, with resulting impetus to scholarship. Hazlitt and others have placed the blame for high prices on the American invasion; and it is said that one State university is held in just abhorrence throughout Europe for its boosting of prices after a sudden appropriation for library purposes. But there are other reasons for the passing of the time when Hazlitt could buy a box of seventeenth-century pamphlets for £15, and sell them to Huth for £150; when a Paris collector could pick up the Elzevir "Pâtisserie Française" at 6 sous, worth £600; when Thomas Corser could accumulate for £9,000 a library that sold cheap for £20,000. Few of the booksellers who in London offer their wares in the dirty network of streets between the British Museum and the Strand have been men of high attainments; but since T. Green issued the first catalogue in 1729, their average of book-knowledge has risen consistently.

Chronicle of the War

Events during the past week will have been watched with particular interest by military and naval experts in neutral countries. On a larger scale than ever before, the effectiveness of new weapons of warfare has been put to the test. On both sides has been displayed considerable activity in the air, and if the results are still somewhat inconclusive, they are at least extremely interesting. The Germans started with a raid by an aeroplane over Dover on December 24. A bomb was dropped into a garden, where it exploded harmlessly, and the aviator thereupon disappeared in the fog. On the following day German aviators flew over the Thames at Gravesend and Southend-on-Sea. British aviators gave chase, and there ensued a battle in the air, which finally resulted in the disappearance of the Germans without any damage being done on either side. Air-defence guns were also fired at the hostile aeroplanes, but without effect. From spasmodic raids of this description it would appear that no new lesson is to be learned. They have merely demonstrated what was already taken for granted, that various points of England are exposed to attack by hostile aeroplanes or Zeppelins, and that some damage may easily be done by a lucky shot. Further than that they have only shown that England has an efficient defence organized to meet such attacks.

The joint sea and air raid undertaken by England on Christmas Day on the German naval base at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, was an event of far more significance, as being the first occasion on which sea-planes and warships have coöperated in a concerted movement, and the first on which a battle has been fought simultaneously in the air, on the sea, and under the sea, with vessels of war, aeroplanes, Zeppelins, and submarines all engaged. According to the Berlin account, the British squadron consisted of six vessels, two of which are said to have been the light cruisers Arethusa and Undaunted, and the remaining four destroyers. Accompanying the squadron were seven sea-planes. The attack was undertaken by daylight, starting, according to the official British account, "from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland," and its principal object was the enemy's warships lying in Schilling Roads, off Cuxhaven. Whether any damage was done by the attack of the British sea-planes, or what was the extent of it, cannot be determined. The attack was hampered by fog, and the German account denies that any damage was done, while unofficial reports from British sources incline to the natural belief that the attack was not ineffective.

Even, however, if we grant that the raid was spectacular rather than immediately profitable in the destruction of warships or fortifications of the enemy, it must be conceded to have been valuable on account of its moral effect both in England and in Germany. Warning was sent from Heligoland of the approach of the British squadron, and it was immediately attacked by Zeppelins, sea-planes, and submarines. These attacks were successfully resisted for three hours; three of the planes, with their pilots, were picked up by the cruisers; three were abandoned, but

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their pilots were saved by submarines; one aviator was supposed to have been lost, but it has since been reported that he is a prisoner of war. Finally, the squadron escaped without serious damage, although bombs fell all around the British vessels. Doubtless fog played an important part in protecting the ships from attack from the air, as it did in nullifying the efforts of the British airmen, but even making full allowance for this factor, the complete failure of the Zeppelins is significant. The two Zeppelins, says the British official account, "were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and the Arethusa," and it is stated unofficially that one of them was badly hit by the high-angle fire of the cruisers.

For some time the relative inactivity of the Zeppelin fleet has given grounds for the suspicion that these much-vaunted monsters of the air have proved in practice to be of little use for offensive work, while for purposes of scouting the aeroplane has been shown to be more effective. The failure of the Zeppelins at Cuxhaven seems to lend ample confirmation to this suspicion. Henceforward nervous Britons may be expected to sleep more soundly in their beds, relieved of the dread of the unknown, while, conversely, in Germany there will be considerable chagrin over the disappointing results of what was to have been one of the surprises of the war. More important still for students of naval matters is the success with which the British ships eluded the attacks of submarines. The exploits of the German *Unterseeboote* have inspired a wholesome respect for these vessels, and the progress of the naval warfare heretofore has tended rather to confirm the opinions of those who have contended that the day of the battleship is over. The action off Cuxhaven reveals the fact that submarine attacks may be baffled by clever seamanship. The British destroyers, apparently, adopted the recognized tactics against submarines, manœuvring at high speed round the cruisers, and repelling all attempts to torpedo them.

The raid, though unproductive of material results, gives a sufficient answer to home critics of the British navy, who have expressed surprise at its lack of enterprise, and were excited by the German raid on the east coast. Both in the English and in the American press there seems to have been a good deal of misunderstanding of the North Sea and the blockade which the British navy maintains there. The German navy is spoken of as being "bottled up" in the mouth of the Elbe, and a general impression seems to prevail that at some point across that estuary is drawn up a line of British ships, prow touching stern, through which it would be impossible for a hostile vessel to make its way. It need hardly be pointed out that the only purpose of such an arrangement would be to serve as an admirable mark for German torpedoes. It is not, of course, the Bight of Heligoland that is blockaded, but the North Sea, which comprises an area of some 190,000 square miles, and the blockade is maintained along the English and Scottish coasts and thence across to the coast of Norway by a patrol of British cruisers and destroyers, the capital ships being held in readiness for action in home waters. There is nothing surprising, therefore, in the fact that German vessels, handled with skill and daring, and taking advantage of fog, should be successful now and then in eluding this blockade of some 800 miles. The exploit of the British squadron which penetrated the mouth of the Elbe, a line of some 200 miles, running the gantlet of the mine-field which protects it, is of the two a good deal the more remarkable feat.

In France and Flanders the siege warfare of the trenches has continued uninterruptedly, with only small gains and losses on either side. To the east of Nieuport the Allies have made a gain of nearly two miles by winning the village of St. Georges, at which they have been pounding for some weeks. Southeast of Ypres, however, at Hollebeke, trenches have been lost to the Germans which give them a strategic advantage in securing their command of the crossing of the Lys River. In the neighborhood of Verdun, at Apremont, positions seem to have been regained by the Allies which the Germans won from them as long ago as the first week in November, and in Alsace an Allied gain is shown in the fact that Steinbach is reported to be closely invested. In the Argonne, also, slight French gains have been reported.

More interesting have been events in the East, where, in Galicia, another of those reversals of form for which the Austrian armies have become famous seems to have been responsible for a substantial Russian victory. Russian official reports on Monday spoke of the siege of Cracow having been raised, as though the withdrawal of the Russian troops from in front of that place had only just occurred. As a matter of fact, as we pointed out last week, the pressure on Cracow must have been relaxed (to speak of the place being "relieved" is misleading, as it has never been really invested) when the Austro-German drive across the Carpathians was successful in penetrating to Krosno and Jaslo, and the Austrians won their victory at Limanovo. Following that success, the German plan appears to have been to divide the Russian forces by an advance from Tymbark, thirty-five miles southeast of Cracow, in the direction of Tarnow, where the force thus advancing was to join hands with an army under Gen. Boehm-Ermolli, coming from the Carpathians along the railway from Sanok and Lisko. Austrian execution, however, appears to have lagged behind, or rather to have anticipated, German strategy, for the Russians received warning of the contemplated move by the premature appearance of Gen. Boehm-Ermolli to the south of Przemysl. Falling back to the line of the Biala River, fifty miles east of Cracow, the Russians concentrated their forces and delivered a slashing attack on this army at Tuchow, occupying a wedge of territory twenty miles broad between the forces of Gen. Boehm-Ermolli and those which were coming up from Tymbark. The result seems to have been to compel the former to retreat southward towards the Carpathians, and the latter westward, and the Russians, it may be presumed, are again threatening Cracow. Whether the new Russian advance will accomplish more than its predecessors have done will now depend to a large extent on the resistance maintained to Gen. von Hindenburg's attacks along the Bzura River, and to the German offensive which has been undertaken against the Russian forces on the East Prussian and Mlawa front.

Foreign Correspondence

DIFFICULTIES OF NEUTRAL NATIONS—SWISS SENTIMENT ON THE WAR—IMPARTIAL SERVICES TO BELLIGERENTS.

GENEVA, December 7.

European nations which are not at war have to pay a high price for their neutrality. While they have not sent men into the field to be killed in battle or to fill the hospitals and the military prisons, they have suffered and are suffering much from economic and social disturbances.

For Switzerland, since the army is mobilized at its war strength of 500,000 men, the most serious side of the war is the threatened difficulty of obtaining provisions for the civilian as well as for the soldier. Economically, Switzerland is an island. Ordinarily, it gets most of its meat, grain, clothing, and other necessaries of life from abroad. The supply of meat from Austria-Hungary, France, and Italy has altogether ceased. The two last countries still furnish plenty of fruit and vegetables. Germany sends sugar and other groceries. Of milk and butter there is no lack, and the prices of these are normal. Fresh eggs are scarce. The quality of the bread has greatly deteriorated. This is owing chiefly to the policy of England and of France, which have often stopped grain ships en route for Genoa with cargoes consigned to Switzerland; it is owing also to the blockade of the North Sea, which has prevented shipments via neutral ports for the Swiss.

The Federal Government has done, and is doing, its utmost to keep prices within reasonable limits, but fears are expressed that life may become very difficult here before the time of the next harvest. The local authorities have for the present made ample provisions of coal and of potatoes, which are sold retail at cost. The sound of the automobile is seldom heard in the streets or on the highways. No petroleum is to be had anywhere. Fortunately, the price of gas and of electricity has not risen.

The question of Swiss neutrality seems, for the time being, to be settled. It must be admitted that there is only political neutrality, and not neutrality of sympathy. It is natural that the German Swiss, owing to their relations of language, race, and customs, should feel no hostility to the empire on the north. Moreover, of late years, the Germans have absorbed much of the industry and commerce of the nation, so that the withdrawal of their activity has seriously affected business in the German cantons. In like manner, French Switzerland has given all its sympathies to the Allies, especially at Geneva, where the resident French population is very large. But among the more intelligent people there is no great tendency to pass beyond the limits of a platonic sentiment. They say that they are first of all Swiss, and only secondarily sympathizers with either of the belligerents. At the beginning of the war Professor Godet, of Neuchâtel, the leading writer of *la Suisse romande*, in an excellent article, formulated for his countrymen the kind of opinion which should guide them. They might be partisans in sentiment, he said, but should be physically and politically neutral. When a few stray German shells fell on Swiss territory and damaged cavalry barracks near Basel, the people took the mat-

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ter complacently, and the Imperial Government sent a prompt apology. When the English airmen flew over Swiss territory in order to drop bombs on the Zeppelin hangars at Friedrichshafen, the Federal Council made a vigorous protest, and the replies from Bordeaux and London were satisfying. The old Roman principle was recognized, "Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum."

The press reflects the sentiment of the people in the French and German cantons, respectively. One widely read daily of Geneva is edited by a Frenchman, and there are German writers on the staffs of leading papers at Berne, Zürich, and Basel. On the whole, reports of the war are impartially given: the dispatches of Wolff are printed side by side with those of Havas, Stefani, and Westnik. The Berlin as well as the Paris papers have a large circulation even at Geneva, where there are so many French residents. The English journals arrive here about a week late, but there is little demand for them, as their news is very one-sided, and is distrusted. American papers are not to be had at all. Next to the Swiss, the Italian press, especially that of Milan, is the most popular. Within half an hour after the arrival of the Simplon express in the evening it is difficult to get an Italian paper except at the cafés, although large quantities arrive here from Milan. The *Corriere della Sera* and the *Secolo* are read more extensively than the French papers. The Swiss Government exercises a mild censorship. Some of the less important publications are far from being neutral. A somewhat ribald comic sheet was suppressed because it ridiculed the Kaiser and the German army. The publication of a French paper which defended the cause of Germany was forbidden; and when it reappeared under another name it was ordered to add to its title "Organ of the German Colony at Geneva." Of two illustrated dailies which have appeared here since the beginning of the war, one was directed to discontinue the publication of anti-German poems.

Even university professors have been accused of utterances violating the neutrality of the Swiss. A professor at Berne, a German by birth, publicly announced that Russian candidates for a degree need not present themselves in his department, but the university authorities caused him to change his attitude. Some excitement arose at the University of Geneva, owing to a lecture delivered there by Hugo Claparède, professor of public law. Claparède told his class that the action of the Belgian civilians in firing on the German soldiers was a violation of international law and was justly subject to reprisals. The Claparèdes are an old Geneva family. One of them is a leading authority in psychology; another is well known for his services to geographical science. Prof. Hugo Claparède's remarks provoked an angry protest on the part of his students, who sent a petition to the rector, demanding the professor's resignation, whereupon the Conseil d'Etat suspended Claparède from exercising his functions until the end of the war.

Not only is Switzerland put to great expense directly because of the present conflict; it has also assumed the burdens of other nations. The invasion of Belgium produced a peculiarly deep impression here. It was felt that Germany might easily have attempted to use Swiss instead of Belgian territory, in its invasion of France. In addition to this, there was the natural sympathy of one small nation for another. Accordingly large supplies of money, clothing, and food have been contributed to the refugees of the ruined kingdom, even small Swiss villages whose inhabitants are looking forward with apprehension to the long winter, and to the still longer war, have had their subscription lists, lotteries, fairs, and concerts to help Belgium. Geneva and Lausanne particularly have been conspicuous for their offers of assistance, for their open-handed hospitality. The Red Cross has shown surprising and efficient activity. Professors of surgery have given their services to both French and German military hospitals, and many women have volunteered as nurses. The resources of the nation are, of course, heavily taxed, not only in the maintenance of the army, but also in providing for the families of the soldiers. Moreover, for weeks past there has been a continuous coming and going of Germans and French—mostly women and children—seeking repatriation. Almost all of these are destitute and exhausted. Every day brings hundreds of these poor people, through the principal Swiss towns, on their way to their native place. They stop over for the night at towns like Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Zürich, and Basel, where they are lodged, fed, and sometimes clothed by the Swiss Red Cross and other relief agencies. Prisoners of the medical corps of the contending armies pass through Switzerland on their way to rejoin their regiments, which they are permitted to do by virtue of the Geneva convention. Some of them are ragged and wounded. They are accompanied by Swiss guards, are received by Swiss officers, and are fed at the public expense.

Perhaps the most signal service rendered by Switzerland has been the establishment at Geneva of a kind of clearing house, which handles the correspondence between prisoners of war and their families. The Musée Rath here was given as headquarters for this important work. A large committee, made up of women, university professors, and men in various other occupations, has the correspondence in hand, and is now receiving every day thousands of letters to and from French and German prisoners of war and their families. These are either forwarded to their destinations or answered directly by the committee without any charge for postage. Parcels and money orders are also transmitted through the central post office at Berne.

Up to the present time, the neutrality of Italy has been favorable to the conditions of life in Switzerland. Probably the relations between the two countries have never been so friendly. Switzerland has been of service to its southern neighbor in caring for Italians living here who have suffered from the economic effects of the war; and Italy is doing its utmost to facilitate commerce between the two peoples. Complaints have been made by England and France that Switzerland was receiving from Italy supplies which were reshipped to Germany and Austria. The complaint has aroused some ill-feeling here, where every effort has been made to preserve a perfectly correct attitude towards the belligerent nations. Such an accusation seems, indeed, very singular to any one who knows the conditions. The Swiss regulations regarding exports are very severe, and are rigidly enforced. As for supplies, Switzerland cannot afford to export them. It needs them all for itself.

A. A.

Benjamin Disraeli

PERSONAL NOTES ON THE GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

My opportunity of studying Disraeli at close quarters dates eighteen years later than the period of his history reached in the third volume of his Life just issued from the press. In 1872 I entered the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as summary writer for the morning edition of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* under the editorship of Frederick Greenwood. Thereafter, till four years later he walked out of the House for the last time, I saw him daily through successive sessions. Acquaintance was renewed when he went to the House of Lords; but not under equally interesting circumstances.

Between 1868 and the close of the session of 1873 Disraeli was Leader of the Opposition, faced on the other side of the table by Gladstone, whose animated oratory he genially touched upon, publicly thanking God that between him and the right honorable gentleman there interposed "a substantial piece of furniture." He was still handicapped by the distrust and personal dislike with which at the outset of his career he was regarded by blue-blooded Tories. They accepted his services because there was none other capable of rendering services of equal value. But they would gladly have got rid of him, setting up in his place one of their own caste and cult.

In 1873 he sorely tried the faith and patience of his followers. By a cabal among his own party hostile to a minor Government bill, Gladstone was placed in a small minority and resigned the Premiership. To the angry resentment of disappointed place-hunters, Disraeli declined to undertake the conduct of the Government in the existing House of Commons. Pressure was put upon him to induce him to alter the determination. He stood firm, and in an eloquent passage, spoken in a voice rarely broken, defended himself from attacks made from the rear and on his flank.

"Sir," he said, unconsciously echoing a well-known passage in Peel's speech when driven from power by coalition among Protectionists, Radicals, and Irish members, "when the time arrives, and when the great Constitutional party enters upon a career which must be noble, and which I hope and believe will be triumphant, they may perhaps remember, I trust not with unkindness, that I prevented one obstacle from being placed in their way; that I, as the trustee of their honor and interests, declined to form a weak and discredited Administration." His prescience was vindicated by the results of the general election which took place in the following year, landing his party and himself at the head of affairs with a majority that for the first time in his political life endowed him with untrammelled power.

On one other occasion only have I seen

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temporarily fall the mask his countenance habitually wore, earning for him the cognomen of "the Sphinx." It happened at the funeral of his wife, who died at Hughendon in December, 1872. Self-possession and immobility of visage had served his purpose at many crises of his marvellous career. Both broke down as he stood by the grave of the woman who had devoted to his service the greater part of her life and the full measure of her worldly wealth. Had an artist desired to produce a representative face of Woe, he might have sketched Disraeli's and presented it without addition of fancy touch. Regardless of heavy rain, he walked bareheaded from the Manor House to the church and stood for full ten minutes in the sodden grass by the open vault, the December wind playing with his suspiciously dark hair. While the coffin was being lowered into the vault he never took his eyes off it, regarding it with steadfast, pitiful, almost hungry look, as if he grudged the grave its custody. When it reached the bottom of the vault he seemed to fall into a sort of trance. It was only after his faithful secretary, Monty Corry, afterwards Lord Rowton, nudged him twice that he awoke with a start and took in hand the wreath he was to drop on the coffin lid. To one accustomed to his manner in public life this was a revelation of an unsuspected man.

Disraeli's advent to the Premiership after the general election of 1874 transmogrified the House of Commons. The assembly dispersed by the dissolution was built over a seething volcano. Crises more or less serious were of weekly occurrence. At the incoming of Disraeli the scene changed as by magic. With instinctive dramatic art he assumed an attitude and manner in marked contrast with the feverish haste of his predecessor. Silent, impassive, almost sombre in mood, he remained through a sitting, rarely interposing save in response to questions personally addressed to him.

In these days the measure of attendance Ministers spare for the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons would have shocked Disraeli. The modern custom is for the whole body, save one concerned for the business immediately before the House, to disappear as soon as questions are over, retiring to their snug private rooms, hurrying back only to vote at signal of the division bell. Disraeli not only sat through a debate, however comparatively unimportant, but expected his colleagues to keep him company. Shortly after the Speaker took the chair he arrived and dropped into his accustomed seat opposite the brass-bound box, where, with brief interval for dinner, he remained till the lobby echoed the cry of the doorkeeper, "Who goes home?"

Ever as he took his seat there was precisely the same minute disposition of his person and his apparel. Having draped the tails of his frock coat over his crossed leg, he folded his arms, bent his head, and hour after hour sat immobile. If any thought he slept, they were mightily mistaken. His eyes, bright to the last, furtively surveyed the enemy's camp, always returning to the bench opposite, if Gladstone happened to be in his place. He habitually dined in the House, wherein he again differed from the custom of modern Prime Ministers, notably Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith.

Unlike Gladstone, he rarely entered into conversation with colleagues seated near him, an exception being made in the case of Lord Barrington, Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household. Occasionally, towards the close of dull sittings, when Barrington gayly chatted to him, the grim visage would be literally distorted by a smile. Like Chamberlain, Disraeli wore a single eyeglass, differing in respect that, while the former favored a rimless monocle, the latter had his glass slung on a long black cord. One night I observed him in a state of unusual perturbation. He had dropped his eyeglass, and no excursions in the neighborhood of his waistcoat and shirt-front were successful in retrieving it. Barrington found it hanging down his back, and made his chief instantly happy by its restoration. Before he died, Disraeli elevated his old Treasury Bench crony from the position of an Irish Lord to a peerage of the United Kingdom. Peevish persons asked what he had done to merit this high reward. I remembered the successful search for the errant eyeglass.

Early promise of aptitude for the position of leader of the House of Commons was fulfilled throughout Disraeli's first session. At no period of his career did he rise to higher level as a parliamentary speaker, while old members, recalling Palmerston in his prime, agreed that he was not excelled in the special quality of managing the House. Not in the zenith of his popularity after the election of 1868 did Gladstone approach his ancient foeman in the matter of personal hold over the assembly. The last two sessions he lost it with pitiful effect, as in the matter of Radical revolt that threw out the Irish University bill. Disraeli's studiously slow rising from the Treasury Bench in the course of debate and the deliberate opening of his speech signalled instant filling up of the benches, and that steady settling down to attitude of attention which is the highest compliment that may be paid to a speaker.

A marked difference between the bearing of Disraeli and his predecessor was shown during the intervals of debate occasioned by divisions. Gladstone, going forth with the crowd to record his vote, usually carried with him a sheet of note paper and a blotting-pad with intent to utilize the ten minutes or quarter-hour occupied by the division in getting forward with his correspondence. Failing that, he strode through the lobby with his nobly shaped head in the clouds, recognizing no one, an unconscious habit that more than once to my knowledge had the effect of estranging valuable supporters.

When the division bell rang Disraeli also made off to the lobby in the first flight of members. But his purpose was other than the prosaic one of writing letters. During the winter months there was set in the lobby a particular fire, before which he stood apparently intent on nothing more important than comfortably warming himself. But his keen eye was bent on the passing throng of his supporters. Lord Rowton once told me that before leaving Downing Street to go down to the House the Premier possessed himself of the half sheet of note paper on which the faithful secretary had jotted down the names of one or two men with whom for varied reasons a few minutes' friendly conversation was desirable. As one passed, Disraeli signalled him with friendly nod, and when it was time to move on to the wicket, this harmless, apparently accidental chat had unravelled a coil which, left unnoticed, might have critically hampered the machinery of the Government.

The course of public events never brought into nearer or more striking juxtaposition two men so absolutely opposed to each other as Gladstone and Disraeli. One was intense, earnest, thorough; the other indifferent, polite, superficial. When Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gladstone would as readily have made a joke as add a penny to the income tax. Disraeli, with equally light heart, did either as chance befell. It is not an insignificant thing that, while one frequently heard pronounced the opinion that Gladstone had made a great speech, the adjective was never used in commentary on Disraeli. His speeches were spoken of as clever, as distinguished from being great. In a general way, the adjective may be adopted as describing the leading characteristics of the two statesmen. One was great with the full force of lofty moral character and supreme intellect; the other was clever, great only in the sense that his cleverness was superlative.

Disraeli's success as a parliamentary speaker was varied. At his best, presented in the shorter speeches, he was incomparable. As a phrase-maker who could with a combination of two or three words label, to some extent lame, an adversary for life, he had no equal. His passion, rarely indulged in, always seemed feigned, its effect being funny rather than tragic. But his polished shafts of sarcasm, his feathered darts of wit, his dainty gilded bullets of irony, flew about the House and never missed their mark. This gift he retained to the last. Circumstances being increasingly prosperous, his manner became more benign.

Of all his conquests over former enemies none was more unexpected and complete than that obtained over Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort shared in extreme degree the prejudice existing among British gentlemen of mid-nineteenth century against one whom they regarded as a Jew adventurer. The Queen, who devotedly shared all her husband's likes and dislikes, fought hard against Lord Derby's proposal to include Disraeli in his first Administration. A quarter of a century later Disraeli, in conversation with a friend, disclosed the secret of his ascendency in royal favor. "When talking with the Queen," he said, "I observe

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a simple rule of conduct: I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget." The inevitable contrast with his great rival came in when he added: "Gladstone speaks to the Queen as if she were a public department. I treat her with the knowledge that she is a woman."

On August 12, 1876, the House of Commons was not a lively place to look upon. It was the last working day of a session prolonged and exhaustive. The Appropriation bill stood for third reading, and Sir William Harcourt did not shirk the opportunity provided by the occasion to attack the Government on its foreign policy. Defending it, Disraeli finished up with some bristling words calculated to call forth a cheer from good Conservatives. "Our duty at this critical moment," he said, puffing out his cheeks and beating the air with his hands, "is to maintain the Empire of England. Nor will we ever agree to any step that may obtain for a moment comparative and false prosperity that hazards the existence of the Empire." These were the last words spoken in the House of Commons by Benjamin Disraeli.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he resumed his seat. There remained only some formal business to be accomplished in preparation for the ceremony of prorogation. Amid the buzz of conversation, Disraeli rose and strolled towards the bar. I wondered as I watched him. His custom, common to all Ministers, was to seek egress by the door behind the Speaker's chair. Now he slowly paced the length of the floor between the two political camps. Turning when he reached the bar, he made low obeisance to the Speaker. He stood for a moment gazing round the house, and, turning again, walked out through the glass door. With the exception of one or two Cabinet colleagues, no one looking on knew that a momentous episode in the annals of the House of Commons was closed. The morning newspapers betrayed the secret. Disraeli was no more—in his place only the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Book Notes and Byways

A LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The "biography and iconography"—a certain number of official and unpublished papers and a bibliography—of "Francisco de Miranda," form the contents of a volume of nearly 200 octavo pages, compiled by Count O'Kelly de Galway (Paris: Champion). A cenotaph erected in the National Pantheon of Venezuela in 1895, at the right of the monument of the Liberator, Bolivar, thus sums up the hero's career:

Born at Caracas 9 June 1756; died in the prison of the Arsenal de la Carraca (Spain) 11 July 1816.—A Precursor of the Independence of South America, he travelled in North America, Asia, Europe, and Africa, for the propagation of his ideas. To secure the favor of others for his projects and gather elements that might help to free his country, he fought intrepidly for the liberty of strangers.—He took part in the three great political movements of his time: the Independence of the United States of North America; the French Revolution; and the Independence of South America.

The story of Miranda is recounted at length, in its proper setting of time and place, in the volume published in 1812 by the lamented Jules Mancini on "Bolivar and the Emancipation of the Spanish Colonies." This work of original research, the completest yet published, reaches only to 1815, and it is to be feared that no one will be found to utilize the materials which the author was gathering at the moment of his death for a concluding volume. The present book of fragmentary documents, mainly French and with many gaps and little order, has its own use in the greatly neglected but ever profitable study of South American history.

So far as these documents concern the part played in French Revolutionary armies by Miranda—he was a general with Dumouriez, and his name is inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe—they offer little that is new. But, as in all contemporary documents, there are by the way enlightening suggestions for the inner history of the time. It is even of sentimental interest at present that Miranda should have fought the Austrians in the region of the Aisne, where France is again defending her existence, and that he should have taken Antwerp from Austrians on the 26th of November, 1792. With the political turn-about of Dumouriez, Miranda fell under suspicion, and barely escaped with his head from the revolutionary jury. We have here (page 176) a police spy report of what Mère Duchêne—Dickens's La Vengeance—thought of him. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre thoroughly distrusted him as a "moderate"; in fact, his ideas of liberty and the Republic were rather those of North America. He was set free after the Terror in 1795, having been imprisoned two years, a part of the time with the less fortunate Madame Roland. The Directory found him troublesome, and ordered him to be deported to Cayenne. He escaped to England, where, with Pitt and the young United States, he kept up negotiations for securing the independence of South America from Spain. This, through all his dubious, tempest-tossed life, was his one aim; and, though he died after four years in a Spanish prison, posterity has recognized him as, at least, the "Precursor" of the "Liberator."

It was in 1783 that he threw up his commission in the King's army at Havana, and came to the United States, where, he says, Washington and Hamilton promised him troops if England would furnish ships for an expedition. This date, before peace was yet solid with the mother country, seems suspicious; and it would be curious to know if any testimony remains of this early attempt to draw South America into our wake. The Spanish accused Miranda of having betrayed to the English Governor of Jamaica the expedition which they were on the point of making with the French during our war of independence. He himself accused Lafayette of setting spies on him in the United States (page 107). At any rate, Miranda only passed through London, in July, 1784, on his way to interest Catherine II of Russia in his projects. In 1787 he was back with Pitt, who put him off for a better day. He drifted to France and into the army of the Revolution, as we have seen. When he next presented himself to Pitt, in 1796, he received shelter but was forbidden to leave for the United States. He went back and forth to France in spite of all, until Fouché for Napoleon finally expelled him in 1803; and in 1806 he at last reached New York, pretending to have secret aid from England. Through a Mr. Ogden and Colonel Smith (of South Carolina), he got the ship Leander, 30 cannon, 200 volunteers, some of whom were French, and rifles, and sailed for Trinidad, where the English Admiral Cochrane reinforced him with fifteen ships. The expedition disembarked at La Vela de Coro—and was speedily forced by the Spanish troops to reëmbark.

In 1811 Miranda had better luck, and on the 5th of July he saw the Declaration of Independence of Venezuela signed at Caracas. Its centenary has been celebrated, and there is a painting of it by Martin Tovar y Tovar in the hall of the Municipal Council. Like Bolivar, he was betrayed, and in 1812 he was carried off to a Spanish prison near Cadiz. There he ended his adventures in death four years later—from scurvy and apoplexy, say the records, but strangled, the English said, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He had kept up his correspondence with English friends like Vansittart (Lord Bexley), Pitt's eccentric niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, saw to the education of his children by his English wife.

Among passing mentions which excite curiosity, there is a letter from Gen. Alexandre Dumas, the mulatto son—legitimate—of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, and father of the novelist, saying: "I am happy to have found in the ranks of the hussars men of the same race and blood as myself—such as Miranda." Under examination by Napoleon's police (March 4, 1801), he declared that the Cabinet of London had promised the colonies of Spanish America to help to their emancipation in case of a war between England and Spain; and that France, in 1792, made a similar promise, actually naming him (Miranda) Governor-General of Santo Domingo—but the Terror stopped all. In a prison examination under Napoleon (March 4, 1801), he said:

The reason for my relations with the Cabinet of London was the liberty and independence of South America—such as France and Spain guaranteed for the United States of North America—with no monopoly in commerce and no territorial possessions for the English on that continent. . . .

This same plan we are trying to realize now through the English Government.

—What persons do you propose to use to execute your plans?

—I wish to execute them myself, using two American ex-Jesuits of Peru and three agents of the colonies who are in London.

—What may the resources of the English Government be, and what can be the object of its hope in continuing the war [with France]?

—In my opinion, England has no other resources than those which the Spanish colonies of South America offer—1º by consuming twelve to fourteen million pounds sterling of her manufactures; 2º by procuring as much more for the importation of precious metals, indigo, cochineal, "quinkina," dye-woods, vicuna, &c. Her hope is to draw after her the United States by offering them a share in this immense commerce, and so force them to join with her against France.

—Don't deceive yourselves. England, if she can only make the two Americas independent and attach them to herself, will find an output for the total amount of her manufactures and a sea force superior, perhaps, to that of the rest of the world.

Napoleon took little stock in the patriotic figures of Miranda. His millions of inhabitants for his native land, Humboldt, who was travelling there, reduced to 785,000 souls, and to less than three millions including New Grenada and Quito. It is curious that one of these reports, apparently from the French mission in London, says that George the Second's ministers would have gained control of Spanish America if it had not been

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for the "perspicacity of the Jesuits, whom Spain shortly after suppressed and whose American survivors Miranda pretended to use; and that Miranda should attribute the resistance which he himself found in England to George the Third's disgust for any more American independence." The same report adds that the ex-Jesuit Viscardo, who lived in London on a pension from the English Government, was so irritated by its perfidy that he left all his precious papers to "Mr. K—— M——, of the United States," who handed them over to Miranda—who innocently gave them to this police spy to translate into French!

In this way, I was able to convince myself of the part taken by the English in the revolt of the *Indios bravos* of Sonora in the north of Mexico and at Santa Fé de Bogota in South America in 1783, as well as of the project to find a princedom there for the Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria)—in case the plan to make him life President of the United States should not succeed.

Miranda was for federalizing all Spanish America, North and South, under some descendant of Montezuma or the Incas. A more practical means of winning independence, as Mancini explains, was his establishment in London, 1797, of the "American Lodge" of Freemasons, in which he personally gave "light" to nearly all the heroes of the Emancipation, which he was not himself to see—from O'Higgins, of Quito, and Mier, of Mexico, to San Martin and Bolivar himself.

S. D.

Correspondence

IRRELEVANCIES OF CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his reply to Mr. Galsworthy, printed in your correspondence columns of December 3, Mr. Schuetze calls attention to some brutal drawings in the British *Graphic* and asks, "Is it possible that a cause which seeks the inspiration of such an orgy of malice is righteous?"

In the Sunday Magazine of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of December 6 I find an interesting cartoon. It is evidently a street massacre, and contains all the traditional details, not omitting the naked infant in various stages of annihilation. It is reprinted from the War Supplement of *Simplicissimus* and bears the following legend: "For such heroic deeds as these the similarly minded French have bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon the Belgian people."

Now, I do not presume to pass upon the relative merits of *Simplicissimus* and the *Graphic*. I would merely point out the futility of trying to judge any nation by what some of its citizens may do during the emotional strain of an unspeakable war. The memory of our own Civil War should make us charitable. There is in England, as in all countries, a reactionary party that is certain to become more bigoted and odious as the war progresses. In Germany the far more complete and drastic governmental organization will probably make for a more uniform level of decency. But these things are obviously superficial; they do not go to the heart of the matter. The unpardonable crime, whatever the remoter causes may have been, was setting the first match to this conflagration; and unless the German apologists can make out a stronger case than any one of them has yet done, no amount of unjust vituperation of them by their enraged enemies will serve to tip the balance in their favor.

R. D. Miller.

Columbia, Mo., December 9.

THE SILENCE OF NEUTRALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 17 there appears, signed by Professor Peabody, of Harvard, a letter on our duty as neutrals which I hope will be answered by many persons; I wish to speak only of his recommendation of silence. He condemns "the horrors of war, the devastation of towns, the brutality of troops, the invasion of neutral territory," but he says: "To hold our tongues just now when the facts reach us with such distortion may be to hold in our hands before long the fate of the world." He looks forward to the mediation of America. Does Dr. Peabody doubt the ruin of Belgium, where seven million persons are starving? Does he deny that from these poor creatures, whom we are trying to feed, the Germans are trying to squeeze the uttermost farthing of the enormous indemnities imposed upon them for daring to defend their country against an invasion admitted by the German Chancellor to be a wrongful act? Is it our duty to hold our tongues about this? I say that Americans should not cease to denounce such sordid and infamous cruelty. The danger is not that we shall become too partisan, but that our righteous indignation may become weary. Americans are not slothful in business, but are not always fervent in spirit; like the Athenians of old, we are somewhat too eager to tell or to hear some new thing, and most of our newspapers are anxious to give us novelty and above all things not to bore us. Against an outrage such as this, which is notorious, undisputed, and expressly forbidden by Article XLIX of the Hague Convention of 1907, signed by all the belligerents, our Administration should protest and every American of common humanity should protest. To the injured party our continued silence will seem so unjust that any offer of our services as mediators would be rejected; but let us now consider only what is becoming to ourselves and to our country.

George Harrison Fisher.

Philadelphia, December 21.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reading to-day the *Nation's* comment on the coming centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, that "on the 24th of this month the feeling that peace is the greatest of public blessings cannot but be uppermost in every heart," I hasten to assure you that there is at least one American who, even on that day, will not think peace a greater blessing than liberty. It seems hardly possible that there should not be others of the same way of thinking, for among our forefathers the feeling that peace is the greatest public blessing was so far from general that in 1775 they deliberately chose the horrors of a war with the mother country rather than undergo so slight an abridgment of their liberty as was implied in a tax laid on them without their consent. Among other peoples there may be other minds; yet the answer of the Athenians to the Persian demand of earth and water still stands as an example; and one is ready to believe that the Belgians, if the question were put again, would choose their suffering, their untarnished honor, and the liberty that stands intrenched in one corner of their devastated land, rather than the blessings of peace and submission to tyranny.

George De C. Curtis.

Foster, Cal., December 10.

A BRITISH PATRIOTIC FUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A New York committee, addressing "British residents and British sympathizers" of the country, is issuing circulars in the interest of a British Patriotic Fund. The Fund is intended, not for the relief of sickness and destitution, but to enable "British ex-non-commissioned officers, reservists, and army men . . . to return to England and serve their country in its hour of stress."

Will not all who hope to preserve the United States from international quarrel—after as well as during the present war—oppose as effectually as they can such a dangerous, though well-meaning, attack upon our adopted stand of neutrality?

Robert F. Foerster.

Cambridge, Mass., December 12.

MR. BECK REPLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to a letter which Mr. A. R. Hohlfeld, of Madison, Wis., has contributed to the *Nation* in your issue of December 17.

Either Mr. Hohlfeld did not read my article on the Dual Alliance vs. the Triple Entente very carefully, or else, to make a point against a minor incidental feature of my argument, he fails to state what I said. It is true that, owing to an apparent misprint of the German White Paper, I did comment upon the absence of a date to the confidential communication which the German Chancellor sent to the constituent states of Germany. This was apparently an error, as it is now stated—and I do not question it—that the original document did contain July 28 as the date. I say this, although different reprints of this same document, which have come from German sources, contain different dates, one dated July 26 and another July 28. I assume, however, that July 28 is the true date, and I therefore omitted this reference to the supposed undated document in any reprints over which I had control.

It is, however, untrue that my argument with respect to the moral responsibility for the war was largely based upon the supposition that this document was undated. As a matter of fact, the reference to the undated document was a minor feature and, far from alleging that this document was written before the Servian reply to the Austrian ultimatum, I said: "Nevertheless, the document itself would indicate that it was written *after* Servia's reply on the 25th," although I suggested that in view of its want of date "it is still possible, *although not probable*, that this confidential warning was written either on the 23d or the 24th."

There has been a persistent effort on the part of my critics—and in this Mr. Hohlfeld

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joins—to give the impression that I contended as a positive fact that the document was written before the issuance of the Austrian ultimatum on July 23.

It remains a very curious fact that, while the exhibits of the German White Paper are in all other respects arranged in chronological order, this document, which it is now maintained was dated July 28, is placed between a document dated July 23 and one dated July 24. Perhaps some day the very systematic clerks of the German Foreign Office will explain the reason.

As the date when this document was *prepared* can be at present only a matter of conjecture, and no convincing conclusion can be deduced therefrom, I have omitted in the reprints of my original article, and also in my book, "The Evidence in the Case," into which the article has grown, all reference to this question of dates, for I preferred that my analysis of the evidence should rest upon sound conclusions, rather than upon plausible conjecture.

Now that Mr. Hohlfeld has joined with other critics in calling attention to this matter, I may take occasion to say that, although my analysis of the diplomatic documents has been printed in a number of countries and in several languages and has given rise to widespread comment, and deals with hundreds of documents and many transactions, the only error that has yet been found in any statement that I made was in this reference to the fact that one document lacked a date.

JAMES M. BECK.

New York, December 24.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGUESE NEUTRALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You will, I am sure, allow me to sustain the contrast I drew in your issue of October 29 between the German aggression on Belgium and the English treatment of Portugal in the Boer War. I wrote that, "had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality and advanced through the harbor of Lorenzo Marques, we could have struck direct at Pretoria and have ended the campaign in a few weeks."

Your correspondent, Mr. Martin Schuetze, comments thus in your issue of November 5: "It is a matter of record that just as soon as the British had landed enough troops in Capetown to keep the Boer armies and agents out of Cape Colony and relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley, they did move upon the flank of the Boers through Lorenzo Marques. The Boers protested to the civilized world, and especially to America, against this breach of neutrality. . . . The Portuguese were too much cowed or too partisan to speak."

Now it is a matter of common notoriety that the Boers immediately after they declared war on England—for it was they who declared war on us, not we on them—swept down into the old English Crown Colony of Natal, where we ourselves—wholly unprepared as usual—were only just able to keep them out of the seaport of Durban, which I venture to think Mr. Schuetze imagines to be one with Lorenzo Marques 350 miles north of it. He can easily assure himself, if he turns to any history of that war, that if the neutrality of Lorenzo Marques was violated at all, it was by the Boers and not by the English.

Thus Sir L. S. Amery, in the "Times History of the War in South Africa" (vol. iii, p. 102), writes as follows:

Far more important was the position of the Portuguese Colony of Mozambique, whose port of Delagoa Bay provided the only gateway between the Transvaal and the outer world. It was through Delagoa Bay that the Transvaal received such supplies as still passed through, as well as its reinforcements of foreign volunteers . . . there can be no doubt that, during the earlier part of the war, the neutrality of Lorenzo Marques was, in some respects, distinctly benevolent towards the Transvaal. For a while, in fact, Lorenzo Marques possessed for the Boers all the advantages of a seaport without any of the risk of blockade or capture by the Power which had command of the sea. Gradually, however, the representations of the British authorities had their effect. The passage of intending combatants, indeed, was not materially interfered with, but only turned into a source of revenue by the elaborate passport system devised by the Portuguese. But some check was put on the passage of goods *obviously intended for military purposes.*

It has often been asked whether the British Government would not have done well deliberately to have violated Portuguese neutrality, . . . but there is no sufficient reason for quarrelling with their decision to abstain from such a course. Apart from any question of political morality and of the old ties of friendship and alliance which connect England and Portugal, the international situation was not one in which England could afford to increase her general unpopularity.

The official English History of the war lends equally little support to Mr. Schuetze's statement; nor is there a word of such a violation having taken place in the History published for the German War Office.

I take little exception to Mr. Schuetze's description of the Jameson raid as "an enterprise of pure piracy," but, when he describes it as an "act of the British," he insinuates an untruth. The British nation and Government were in no way privy to it, and were as much taken aback by it, and, for the most part, as much shocked by it, as the Emperor William, who made it the occasion of his famous telegram to President Kruger. I regarded that telegram, and still regard it, as the ebullition, undiplomatic indeed, of a generous nature. Had the raid been the act of the British Government in London or of its official representatives in South Africa, I feel assured that the German Emperor would never have sent it. I admit that many Englishmen resented it as an unpardonable act of interference, but I think they were wrong to do so. It was not meant as such. In representing the raid *as a violation of neutrality* committed by the entire British nation, Mr. Schuetze allows himself to be blinded by anti-English animus. It was the deed of a few short-sighted members of the South African communities, provoked by the long-continued and studied affronts committed by the Boers upon the British who had settled in their midst, bringing capital to work their mines with and enriching them by the handsome prices paid for mining rights. One of the chief ringleaders of the raid was an American citizen.

I turn next to Mr. Preserved Smith, who, challenging my statement in regard to Lorenzo Marques, writes that, "as a matter of fact, England did violate Portuguese territory by moving troops through it at that time." And he proceeds to quote Sir Thomas Barclay's article on "Neutrality" in the new Encyclopædia Britannica. But here the reference is not to Lorenzo Marques, but to the Beira-Umtali Railway, constructed with English capital from the coast up to Rhodesia. The Boers were on the warpath in Rhodesia, and in April, 1900, we moved 5,000 men and munitions of war thither by the said railway. This action Sir Thomas calls "an unfortunate precedent of taking advantage of the practical powerlessness of neighboring states to commit a violation of the law of nations." He only writes thus because he interprets the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of June 11, 1891, differently from the way in which English and Portuguese diplomats treated it at the time, in March, 1900. That treaty, which defined the frontiers of Portuguese Mozambique and English Mashonaland or Rhodesia, admitted a "servitude" on the part of Portugal, in the sense that it gave England free rights of access to Rhodesia over roads or railways to be constructed across Portuguese territory. Sir Thomas argues that the right of way claimed by England was a mere right of transit for merchandise, and that it could not in any way be construed as diminishing the neutral obligation to a belligerent who was no party to the treaty.

Whether or not this be so, there is no truth in Sir Thomas's innuendo to the effect that England on this occasion took advantage of the weakness of Portugal to violate the law of nations, and the official statement of the Portuguese Foreign Minister at the time is inconsistent with any such charge. I repeat it *verbatim* from the *Times* of April 5, 1900, so that your readers may judge for themselves whether England took advantage of her strength to put pressure upon a weaker nation. Here then is the Portuguese account of the matter:

LISBON, April 3.—In the Portuguese Chamber, to-day, the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared that the transport of British troops by the Beira-Umtali Railway was demanded by Great Britain and consented to by Portugal because Great Britain was merely exercising rights secured to her under existing treaties. The present state of war did not abrogate these treaties, which had been concluded before the war. Portugal, in a spirit of loyalty, communicated this resolution to the Transvaal Government. Portugal had loyally maintained her duties of neutrality, and all interested parties had been informed of her course of action. The Minister added that before resuming his seat he must declare in the most emphatic manner that the relations maintained by the British Cabinet with Portugal could not be surpassed for cordiality and loyalty. He rejoiced that this was the case, and trusted that, with God's help, these relations would be maintained for ever.

From the *Times* of April 5, 1900, we further learn that on April 4 the *National Zeitung* (the National Liberal organ in Germany) admits that the Portuguese Government has not given any *special* permission for the passage of British troops, but has only publicly ratified its recognition of the right of way long ago secured by treaty. At the same time, it is recognized that the matter is one which concerns Great Britain and Portugal alone, and no other Power. The *Vossische Zeitung*, it is true, took a less impartial view, but intelligent liberal opinion in Germany was at any rate not all against us.

The Transvaal Government had been notified by Portugal on March 8 "that in accordance with the mutual explanations exchanged in the treaty of 1891 with regard to the right of moving troops and material of war through the Portuguese territory in South Africa into English territory (viz.: Rhodesia) and vice-versa, the British Gov-

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ernment has just made a formal demand for all troops and material of war to be sent through Beira to the English hinterland. *The Portuguese Government cannot refuse this demand and must fulfil a convention depending on reciprocity,* a convention which was settled long before the present state of war had been foreseen. This agreement cannot be regarded as a superfluous support of one of the belligerent parties or as a violation of the duties imposed by neutrality." . . . .

The Transvaal Government, in its answer of the same day, "protested that the treaty of 1891 had not been made public, and that notice of it was received by the Transvaal at the outbreak of the war. . . . The action of Portugal would put her in the position of an enemy instead of a neutral ally, wherefore the Transvaal protested strongly against the measure" (from Amery's History, iv, p. 367).

I hope the above data are enough to prove that Portugal cheerfully and unconstrained admitted England's right to use the Beira Railway in the manner described. To pretend that it was a violation by England of her neutrality and to talk in connection therewith of "the mote and the beam," to pretend that it was an outrage on Portugal comparable to that which the Germans are guilty of against Belgium, is absurd, and I am sure that on reflection Mr. Smith must acknowledge it to be so. If there was any real violation of neutrality on that occasion it was committed by Portugal; but I should like to know how other international jurists interpret the Anglo-Portuguese instrument of June, 1891, before I adopt the view of Sir Thomas Barclay. FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, November 30.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE ANGLICAN ARTICLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 17 I notice that Professor Smith says "it is not generally known, and would hardly be agreeable for the 'Catholic' party in the Episcopal Church to learn, that Luther had a finger in the Thirty-nine Articles." He then refers to the Thirteen Articles which resulted from a conference between German ambassadors and English divines. It is doubtless not "agreeable" for the "Catholic" party to learn of this connection, but it is certainly inaccurate to say that the fact "is not generally known." I have before me as I write the well-known "History of the Articles of Religion," by Hardwick, and my edition is dated 1859. On pp. 60-66 the whole subject of the relation of the Anglican Articles to the Thirteen Articles is carefully stated. It is now nearly sixty years since Dr. Jenkyns, in looking for remains of Cranmer, discovered a manuscript containing the Articles agreed upon at the Conference by the German and the English uthorities in 1538. Hardwick goes on to point out that while, up to the discovery by Jenkyns, the compilers of the Anglican Articles of 1553 were thought to have drawn directly from the Confession of Augsburg, the discovery of the Thirteen Articles made it probable, if not certain, that such derivation took place entirely through the medium of the Anglo-German channel.

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Toronto, Canada, December 19.

Literature

A FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE.

The Oxford Survey of the British Empire. Edited by A. J. Herbertson and O. J. R. Howarth. In six volumes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 14s. net each.

The Oxford Survey of the British Empire is a timely publication, in that it contains a detailed description of the many parts of a great empire that is at the present moment engaged in a mighty struggle not only for integrity, but even, it may be, for existence. Each of the first five volumes is devoted to a definite geographical area—British Isles, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia—and is therefore complete in itself, while a final volume is taken up with a general survey of imperial interests and with a general historical summary. The work takes little account of the historical background, and therefore must be supplemented by an earlier, but no less valuable, publication, the "Oxford Historical Geography of the British Colonies," edited by Sir Charles Lucas.

The present survey deals with conditions as they are at the present time. In its production no less than eighty persons, with a number of lesser collaborators, have taken part, and it is profusely illustrated with excellent photographic reproductions, some of which are of great beauty and all of value, and with many maps in color and in black and white. The colored maps are well executed, with the single exception of those of Australia, while the inserted black and white charts and diagrams are useful, though of varying quality. Accompanying the text are bibliographies, gazetteers, and statistical tables in profusion, and each volume is well indexed. The editorial supervision has been efficient, and the style of the articles, the arrangement of the subject matter, spellings, and other aspects, so often at variance in a coöperative undertaking, have been kept well in hand. As far as observed, few errors of fact have crept in, though one capital blunder appears in volume four, where British Honduras is stated to be situated "on what is termed the Mosquito Coast," whereas the latter is an Indian reserve on the eastern coast of Nicaragua, from which England has withdrawn all rights of protectorate in favor of the Nicaraguan Government. The statement that "after the Restoration the plantations were no longer considered to be demesnes of the King, but were treated as part of the territories or dominions of England," is likewise erroneous, inasmuch as the British colonies in America were never deemed parcels of the realm at any time in their history.

As a whole, the volumes are well written and readable, and are to a noteworthy extent free from technical language and the nomenclature of the specialist. They are available, therefore, for general reading. This is a matter for congratulation, inasmuch as the work presents an impressive picture of the strength and resources of the British Empire. Each volume deals with a wide range of subjects, inevitably varying in the fulness and range of their treatment, and each is so made up as to furnish the traveller and tourist with just the kind of information that he ought to have, but cannot obtain from the average guide-book. Here are careful and accurate accounts of climate, vegetation, fisheries, agriculture, minerals, trade and production, railways, shipping, ports, canals, roads, population, race and language, public administration, government, defence, town and rural life, religion and churches, and the like, dealt with for every part of the British Empire as far as they go. Not even the smallest fraction of territory under British authority is left out. Papua, Hongkong, Wei-hai-wei, and all the Pacific and Atlantic islands receive a proportionate treatment. Noteworthy chapters are those of Sir Basil Worsfold on the problems of the South African Union, of Dr. Grenfell on Labrador, of J. D. Rogers on Newfoundland, of Sir R. C. Temple on Western Influence in India, and the introductory survey by Sir G. H. Reid, on Australia, in which the former Premier asserts that "Australia today is as truly British as Britain itself." All things considered, the least satisfactory chapters seem to be those that concern the British West Indies.

For the reader at large the chapter on imperial defence in volume six, and the supplemental chapters on the same subject in volumes one and five, will have a leading interest at the present time. It is significant that all are anonymous and bear internal evidence of having been written by the same hand, manifestly by one able to speak with authority. The general chapter contains a declaration of policy so pertinent to present-day affairs that it deserves to be reproduced without abbreviation:

Our friendships are based on the fundamental principle of our policy. The dominating factor in the formation of our present friendships has been the growth of the German navy. Whatever the real intention may be that has dictated its great development, we cannot afford to view its further expansion with indifference. For should that policy at any time develop aggressive tendencies against ourselves or against any of those Powers with whom we are friends, we are bound to come to the assistance of the latter or run the risk of a subsequent coalition aimed at our sea supremacy. The conclusion that is forced upon us is that our foreign policy is bound to concern itself with the maintenance of military equilibrium in Europe, and may consequently involve us in a Continental war, in the result of which the dominions are greatly interested on account of the ultimate effect of such a war on their sea-borne trade. This statement must, however, be qualified by saying that the situation that would be dangerous to ourselves cannot arise unless some Power or group of Powers on the Continent aspires to assume a dominating position. This view is, of course, not accepted by those holding certain political views in this country, and has frequently been criticised in the dominions, and the absence of a solid and unanimous opinion in favor of sending armed assistance to our friends in certain circum-

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stances would inevitably be found embarrassing by the Government of the day in a time of acute crisis.

In this chapter, apparently written at the time of the crisis of 1912, we have an ample explanation of the recent policy of Sir Edward Grey and the British Government.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sons of the Rhine. ("Die Wiskottens.") By Rudolf Herzog. Translated by Louise T. Lazell. New York: Desmond FitzGerald.

The Wiskottens are properly sons of the Wupper; in that soiled but efficient stream they find their profit and their joy. Sons of the Rhine sounds better, and if, as many publishers appear to think, a title is merely a form of bait, this is doubtless a good and timely choice for an English version. With the startling red, white, and black cover, it seems to promise much shouting and at least a little fighting for the Fatherland. In fact, not all sons of the Rhine, or of the Wupper, have learned to live for that valued abstraction, United Germany. This is a story of provincial and industrial and domestic Germany. The pride of the Wiskottens is in the family character and the family business. Their loyalty extends itself to their servants and the workers in their mills, and so comes to an end. On page 3 of this narrative there is mention of military service as a thing to be avoided, and of the Kaiser in connection with moustachios; and that is the last we hear of either. The Wiskottens are sufficient unto themselves. The father, by industry and economy, has built up a small weaving business. His six sons make a great industry of it. Gustav, the eldest, is their leader; his self-sacrifice has gained capital by marriage, and his enterprise and daring have applied it to a rapid development of the business. The other brothers differ greatly, but all have a strong clan feeling, and all except the youngest, Ewald, are devoted to the family fortunes. But even Ewald is to be turned to account; his attempt to be an artist fails until he turns his hand to pattern-making for the Wupper mills, when he becomes the source of new prosperity, and of the overthrow of the wicked competitor, who chances to be Gustav's father-in-law.

Family loyalty and industrial conquest, not patriotism and military supremacy, are two of the idols here set up for worship; the third is domestic happiness. The whole treatment of this theme in connection with Gustav's marriage is amusingly German in its blending of sentimentalism and the main chance. The poor fellow has had to marry Emily for her money. He does not disguise the fact that it is a cross, and she is foolish enough to resent the situation even after she has borne him children. He is naturally amorous, and has grown fond of her; yet she presently deserts him. He perceives that she must be brought to heel, and achieves it by silence. In the end, contrite and more than submissive, she returns to his arms. The terms in which the united pair sum up the case show that Continental fastnesses remain where the despised "mid-Victorian" doctrines still hold out. "The woman," cries Emily, full of magnanimity, "the woman is responsible for everything that goes wrong in marriage. She has time and to spare, while the man works. It is her duty to be sweet and beautiful, and clever too. When men come home tired from their work they need cosseting." Gustav does not see his way to contradicting this, but has his own generous ideal: "Now, at least, I know what I'm working for. So that your eyes may keep bright, your hands soft, for me. . . . To think that I am weaving a crown, a crown to lay on your loosened hair, sweetheart, when night falls. That's the only kind of poetry I understand."

Obsolete matter for the enlightened Anglo-American reader; but, fashions aside, there is much warmth and even humor in this picture of German family life; in spite of an English version which too often fails in escaping the original idiom.

Selina. By George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "Emmy Lou" has tried here to draw a picture of the girl of the 'eighties, with her dawning consciousness of that problem of personal integrity and independence which has since been so publicly and gloriously expounded. She is shown standing, dazed but not quite helpless, at a parting of the ways. "As I read this girl and the conditions surrounding her, born late Victorian, she came into being when those sincere and fine tenets upon which the Victorian age founded itself were become the letter of the original vital idea, and the moment itself sentimental, trite, and prudish. Outcome and victim of an hour so flabby and platitudinous, this young girl of the Victorian '80's, apparently not only repudiated her condition made up of absurdities, futilities, and inadequacies, but her maturity has lapsed over into the post-Victorian era as pioneers, she and her companions of that day, who blazed the way for the army of women now following." Selina does not succeed in solving the problem for herself. Her author, as she alliteratively confesses, has seen her at a moment "piteous rather than pertinent, helpless rather than heroic, and groping rather than grasping." In describing her and her little friends, the writer has also indulged an intense, almost voluptuous, feeling for the charms of young girlhood which has been noticeable in her earlier work. She cannot mention a young female in her teens without labelling her a dear child, or a sweet thing, or a pretty creature. Selina is, with or without her beauty, a nice enough girl, and perfectly fitted for that flapper-worship which still determines the course of romantic fiction. We leave her, after various tentative and unsuccessful ventures towards self-realization, "finding herself a little bit"; and by that token refusing to marry her nice young man because she has not yet proved her economic worth. "When I come to marry," she cries, "it's going to be because I choose to give up independence"; the "post-Victorian" battle-cry of the sex, sure enough—or is it only of a war-party?

We Are French! By Perley Poore Sheehan and Robert H. Davis. New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents net.

It is always a hazardous undertaking for the Anglo-Saxon to attempt to write of the Latin from the Latin point of view, but if one wishes to know precisely the spirit which to-day animates the whole French nation, one will find it exquisitely indicated in this book; not "expressed" with painstaking Anglo-Saxon bluntness, but revealed by implication, inference, suggestion. The story is of a French Damon and Pythias—two old Zouaves, veterans of the French campaign of 1871 in Africa. Somewhere in the annals of French arms is the epic of the bugler, who, surrounded by hostile Arabs, was told to sound the "retreat" to save his life, but who sounded, instead, "Charge!" This is the deed attributed to old Anatole Picard, for which, forty years later, he is invited to come to Paris to receive his decoration, in the presence of the President of the Republic. The two old Zouaves decide to walk, and bring out their old Zouave uniforms with their atrociously baggy trousers and short braided jackets. It is then that the authors reveal their intimate knowledge of the French, in the words, "Ah, those uniforms! such red! such blue! such shining brass!" A sentiment that, lingering until to-day, has cost tens of thousands of lives, because the red and the blue make their wearers good long-range targets. The old Zouaves begin to near their goal: "The villages through which they passed began to look like detached fragments of Paris itself. . . . The same sort of change was apparent in the people. . . . The villagers stared at them with more curiosity than kindness. Workmen and young idlers were apt to smile cynically as they passed. Even the gendarmes appeared cold." After the early picture of the village life they had left, with all its simple, hearty comradeship, nothing could better express the difference between Paris and the rest of France.

Betty's Virginia Christmas. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

All the ingredients of the standard Southern love-story are here employed, skilfully enough for the purpose: the Colonel, sir! the old estate with its mortgages, the Northern interloper, the fair and silly Southern maiden, the faithful family nigger, the fox-hunt, the dance, the julep, the punch-bowl, the rescue, the quarrel, the general mush of comfortable sentiment at the end. Betty is married to her gallant Yankee lieutenant, and has "the most beautiful baby ever seen." Even after that, we linger to see Betty's baby christened out of the Colonel's eggnog bowl, and presented with the Colonel's sword, with a speech by the donor. The final scene, which takes place very shortly after the incident of the eggnog

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bowl and the sword, shows the Colonel making a good try at Colonel Newcome's record for death-bed pathos:

> The Colonel's eyes suddenly brightened, and he raised his thin figure in the chair, and his eyes saw into another world.
>
> "Hear the music," he said. "The band plays very well to-day; it is playing a fine march for the dress parade. Give me my sword."
>
> Uncle Cesar reached up and took the sword from where it hung over the mantel, and put it gently in the Colonel's wasted hand. With his feeble strength the old man drew it half out of its scabbard, and looked at it.
>
> "It is bright," he said. "There has never been a stain upon it. Here comes the commanding officer. Turn out the guard."
>
> Uncle Cesar, who knew what was at hand, answered reverently:
>
> "Yes, old Marse. The guard is turnin' out."
>
> Then, raising the sword to the salute, the gallant old Colonel heard the last order to fall in, and met, face to face, humbly, but without fear and in perfect peace, the Great Commander.

Excellent matter for the movies!

SOCRATES AND PLATO.

Greek Philosophy: Part I, Thales to Plato. By John Burnet. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

For this volume of Sir Henry Jones's Schools of Philosophy no scholar in Great Britain was, from one point of view, better prepared than Professor Burnet, both by his extraordinary knowledge of Greek in general and by his special studies in editing the text of Plato and in writing his history of "Early Greek Philosophy." And he has excellent qualifications as a writer. He is always clear and precise and vigorous, though it must be admitted also that his style lacks something of grace and fails to rise in eloquence to the greater heights of his theme. This defect is due, no doubt, to the same bluntness of imagination, or lack of intellectual refinement, which led him to transliterate the personal appellations directly from the Greek, giving us such needless crudities as Sokrates (why not Sôkratês?) and Sokratic. If consistency is so great a virtue in his eyes as to warrant contempt for common usage, why, one asks, does he write Cyrus for Kyros or Kuros, or the Persian form of the word, whatever that may be, and Zeno and Plato for Zenon and Platon? There is even a certain absurdity in his system when on the same page he gives "Theætetus" as the name of the dialogue, yet transliterates the protagonist of the dialogue as Theaitetos. But, if not elegant, the book is one to read and digest, to learn much from, and in part to disagree with sharply. No one interested in philosophy can afford to pass it by.

Professor Burnet's treatment of the earlier schools we must leave unnoticed, though there is scarcely a page in these chapters which does not show the working of a mind keenly original and enormously erudite. Particularly noteworthy is the section on Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, and, indeed, one of Professor Burnet's pet theses is the deep and continuous influence of the Italian school on Socrates and all the later modes of Greek thought. It is a thesis in which most students will be ready to follow him far, though, perhaps, not quite so far as he would like to lead them. The most important, or at least the most debatable, aspect of the Pythagorean influence is in the doctrine of ideas. These he connects skilfully, and no doubt correctly, with the actual geometric forms produced by the arrangement of points to represent the square numbers (4, 9, 16, etc.) and the oblong numbers (6, 12, 20, etc.). In this way the connection between form *(eidos)* and number is presented in a simple and visible manner, and a perfectly clear meaning is given to Plato's exclusion of any one not a geometrician from his Academy. The questionable phase of the theory is seen in Professor Burnet's insistence on translating *eidos* always as "form," instead of rendering it by "idea" as is customary when dealing with the more advanced philosophy of the Platonic school. He sins a little by over-simplicity, where others, perhaps, have erred in the contrary direction. Professor Burnet's Pythagoreanism gives an easy explanation of Plato's continued interest in numbers—his mania, some would say, thinking of certain hard passages in the "Republic" and "Timæus"—but it leaves out of the Platonic "ideas" too much of that overgrowth of the imagination and that poetic visualization which have made them for two thousand years one of the great sources of inspiration, for good and for evil. To discover only a bare intellectualism or conceptualism in the visionary flights of the "Phædrus" is to miss one-half of Platonism. "The 'supercelestial region' [of that dialogue]," he maintains, "is clearly identified with that of pure thought, and the forms the mind beholds in it—Righteousness itself, Soberness itself, Knowledge itself—do not lend themselves in any way to crude pictorial fancies." To use the word "crude" is really to beg the question; but to suppose that the "Phædrus" does not exhibit in Plato's mind something that outruns a pure rationalism, to fail to see in it a mysticism of vision which the negations of dialectic cannot reach, is to make of Platonism something very different from what innumerable scholars have confidently believed it to be—and from what the listeners in the Academy themselves heard.

And the same sort of reservation must be applied to Professor Burnet's analysis of the later dialogues and to his account of Plato's matured system of teaching in the Academy. The description of that school as the first great university of Europe, the insistence on the scientific research in which the students were engaged, the emphasis on the practical side of the political discipline which sent legislators and rulers from Plato's classrooms over the Greek world—all this is an excellent corrective to the too common notion of the Academy as a congregation of visionary and talkative dreamers. Professor Burnet might have enriched his description by quoting from Cicero's marvellous description of the Old Academics in the fifth book of the "De Finibus":

> From their writings and teachings can be learned the whole of liberal culture, of history, and of style; moreover, they include such a variety of sciences (*artium*) that without the equipment that they give no one can be adequately prepared to embark on any of the higher careers. They have produced orators, generals, and statesmen. To come to the less distinguished professions, this factory of experts in all the sciences has turned out mathematicians, musicians, and physicians.

Professor Burnet has done well to lay weight upon the character of this *omnium artificum officina* as a great school of scientific research and of practical sociology; but he does not do well to slur over the chief aim of the school in its work of producing "liberal culture" (*doctrina liberalis*) and in its profound religious inspiration. He closes his discussion of the Academy, and his book, with the statement that by solving the problem of the irregular motion of the planets Plato "laid the ghost of the two-world theory which had haunted Greek philosophy since the time of Parmenides." Such a statement is worse than misleading in its inadequacy. In one sense Plato did indeed transcend the dualism that runs through so much of earlier Hellenic thinking; but he did this only by introducing, and fixing as part of the world's spiritual heritage, a profounder kind of dualism. Professor Burnet has read through his Plato many times. He should not have forgotten the "two-world" feeling that permeates the later dialogues, written when the author had passed quite beyond what Professor Burnet holds to have been the more mystical philosophy of Socrates. "We must suppose," says the Athenian in the "Laws," "that there are at least two souls [in the moving universe], one the author of good, the other able to accomplish the contrary of good." That "two-world theory" was not disposed of by mathematical demonstrations; and to ignore it is to miss the heart of Platonism from its inception to its close.

As already intimated, Professor Burnet reaches this view of Plato as a scientific rationalist by means of an original, not to say startling, view of the relation of Plato to his master. According to this theory, all the dialogues up to and largely inclusive of the "Republic" are purely dramatic and contain nothing of Plato's own contribution to philosophy. Plato, in fact, had no thoughts of his own during this period of his life, but was content to sink himself entirely in his teacher. The doctrine of ideas, as presented in these dialogues, is not Platonic, but was taken over by Socrates from the Pythagoreans and made his own by substituting the theory of participation for that of imitation:

> The Pythagorean doctrine of imitation left the sensible and intelligible as two separate worlds; the doctrine of participation makes the sensible identical with the intelligible, except that in sensible things the forms appear to us as a manifold instead of in their unity, and that they are only imperfectly embodied in the particulars.

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Socrates thus occupied, so far as "ideas" are concerned, a middle ground between the dualism (*chôrismos*) of Pythagoras and the scientific monism of Plato. And not only is the doctrine of ideas in its most essential stage due to Socrates, but the mysticism, the religious feeling (or "religiosity," Professor Burnet might perhaps say), the poetical enthusiasm, are also non-Platonic, having come full-fledged to Socrates from the Orphic and Pythagorean cults, though held in check by his peculiar sense of "irony." It is important to present this view in Professor Burnet's own words:

> I am firmly convinced that the mystical side of the doctrine of forms ["ideas"] is due to Sokrates and not to Plato. We know certain facts about him, such as his "voice" and his trances, which prove him to have possessed the mystic temperament, and we know certain facts which explain the manner in which he conceives the mystic love. . . .
>
> He was indeed a visionary or "enthusiast," in the Greek sense of that word, but he was also uncommonly shrewd. His critics called him "sly," using a word (εἴρων) which is properly applied to foxes. The Scot's word "canny" (not always a term of praise) comes nearest in meaning to the Greek. . . . To a very large extent, we gather, "the accustomed irony" of Sokrates was nothing more or less than what we call a sense of humor which enabled him to see things in their proper proportions.

That, according to Professor Burnet, is the true Socrates as he was in his later years and as Plato knew him. Of Xenophon's "Memorabilia" our author takes slight account, waving them aside as of no historic value. But there was also an earlier and different Socrates, of whom we have scattered glimpses in Plato and a full-length portrait (caricatured, of course) in Aristophanes. It has been one of the problems of scholarship to reconcile the picture of Socrates in "The Clouds," as a fantastic investigator of nature and leader of a band of pallid students, with the philosopher of the streets, who brought philosophy down from the sky to this earth. Professor Burnet solves the difficulty by frankly accepting both portraits, and attempting to establish a break between the younger student carried away by the scientific theorizing of the day and the mature philosopher whose interests were wholly ethical and religious.

Now, any theory of so complete a scholar as Professor Burnet is worthy of consideration, and his thesis in regard to Socrates and Plato has the unquestionable value of offering a correction to certain current views. But in some points, and those of very grave importance, it is, in the opinion of the present reviewer, demonstrably false and even pernicious.

That there was some sort of cleft in the life of Socrates, a period of interest in the physical causes of phenomena preceding his ethical period, is a well-attested fact; but it may be questioned whether Professor Burnet's treatment of this division does not raise it into the region of conjecture. In the main, we think the conjecture is sound and useful, though probably somewhat exaggerated. Professor Burnet is not the first scholar with a theory to push it too far—even outside of Germany.

Again, that there was a deeply religious, even a mystical, element in the character of Socrates seems to us demonstrable, and to set this forth as Professor Burnet has done is to perform a good service, in view of the inadequate conception of Socrates made widely current by the "Griechische Denker" of Theodor Gomperz. According to that brilliant and much-quoted history, we are to reject all the religious and exhortatory traits of the Platonic Socrates for a mere questioner and promoter of the *Aufklärung*. The teacher of Plato was no *Mahnredner* or *Tugendprediger;* the story in the "Apology" of his self-dedication to the service of the god is pure moonshine; he had one simple task, to set forth the unity of knowledge and virtue, and to that end there was no need of exhortation or animating appeal, no room even for any positive ethical teaching, etc., etc. Now the Socrates of Gomperz is simply impossible—a creature manufactured in a Teutonic *phrontistêrion,* and not the living man of Athens from whom the deepest inspiration of philosophy has flowed even to this day. Gomperz himself offers a corrective to his portrait by quoting as the motto for his volume the words from Clemens Alexandrinus: "Wherefore also Cleanthes in his second book concerning Pleasure says that Socrates always taught that the just man is the happy man, and *cursed* the first man who distinguished between the just and the profitable *as one who had done an impious thing.*" There is decidedly something of the *Mahnredner* and *Tugendprediger* in the words underscored, though we need not, for all that, picture Socrates quite as a Lutheran parson. If Clemens is right, and Plato was not a mere mystificator, and there is any propriety in calling all the later stream of Greek thought Socratic, and if common-sense has any place in the study of philosophy, then Gomperz is wrong. We may be certain that beneath the irony of Socrates, deeper than his questioning of popular phrases and his search for precision of definition, lay a power of very positive ethical teaching and an emotional appeal, in the master's own way and at his own time, which smote the heart even of such a worldling as Alcibiades to the quick, and shall never cease to vibrate in the hearts of living men.

This is, perhaps, not exactly the tone of Professor Burnet's treatment of Socrates, but his emphasis of the religious and even the mystical side of Socrates's character is in the right direction—even if carried by him too far. But why must he rob Peter to pay Paul? To maintain that the thought of the earlier dialogues is purely Socratic and in no sense Platonic, to hold that Plato was a mere dramatist when he wrote the "Republic," with no philosophy of his own to develop and expound, is to go to the other extreme. Such a view seems, to the present reviewer at least, to be little short of nonsense.

Professor Burnet bases his revolutionary theory mainly on the intricate question of "ideas," taking refuge in a metaphysical jungle from which it would be difficult to dislodge him. It is easy to maintain that between the earlier dialogues, including the "Republic," and the later dialogues there is a fairly sharp break in the use of the word "idea," and to conjecture, therefore (it can be only conjecture), that the one use is Socratic and the other Platonic. But the difficulty of dealing with such an argument lies in its obscurity; notwithstanding all that has been written on "ideas" and may yet be written, we are not likely to have any clear conception of what they meant exactly to Pythagoras or Socrates or Plato. It is safer, therefore, to waive that argument altogether and to approach the distribution of the Platonic philosophy from another angle. If we can find one question of supreme importance the treatment of which in the principal dialogues of the earlier period shows a perfectly clear progress from the simple point of view known certainly to be that of Socrates to a point of view not essentially different but more profoundly developed, we shall be pretty safe in concluding that these dialogues are not merely dramatic expositions of Socratic teaching, but indicate chronologically the growth of Plato's own philosophy. Professor Burnet argues from the supposition (extremely uncertain in itself) that a certain doctrine of ideas appears in the very first dialogues and remains the same through the whole early group, and then undergoes a sudden change; his inference loses its force if another philosophical thesis, simpler and clearer in itself, shows a complete development within the early group.

Now, just such a thesis we find in the relation of justice to pleasure (*hêdonê*) and to happiness (*eudaimonia*), as expounded in the three great dialogues, the "Protagoras," the "Gorgias," and the "Republic." The matter is too large to be adequately treated in a review, but the essential steps in the progress may be indicated thus: In the "Protagoras" the argument runs that pleasure is a good and pain an evil. If, therefore, men are to be persuaded to follow justice or virtue, they must be taught that such a life in its sum imparts more pleasure than the contrary life. The conclusion may be given in the excellent language of Berkeley's attempt to undermine the vicious conclusions of hedonism ("Alciphron," II, xviii, abridged):

> But Socrates, who was no country parson, suspected your men of pleasure were such through ignorance of the art of reckoning. It was his opinion (Plato in Protag.) that rakes cannot reckon. And that for want of this skill they make wrong judgments about pleasure, on the right choice of which their happiness depends. To make a right computation, should you not consider all the faculties and all the kinds of pleasure, taking into your account the future as well as the present, and rating them all according to their true value? And all these points duly considered, will not Socrates seem to have had reason on his side, when he thought ignorance made rakes, and particularly their

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being ignorant of what he calls the science of more and less, greater and smaller, equality and comparison, that is to say of the art of computing?

That, if we know anything of the matter, is the pure Socratic logic, admirably summed up from the "Protagoras" by a master mind. But Plato soon found that the identification of happiness with the larger sum of pleasures offered an exceedingly slippery foundation for morality. In the "Gorgias," therefore, he attacks the question of pleasure, and in the insolent words of Callicles carries the philosophy of hedonism to its logical extreme. In reply Socrates proves that pleasure is not identical with the good which all men pursue, and cannot in itself be made the support of justice. Not even the great King of Persia, to whom every source of pleasure is open, is necessarily *happy*, for we do not know how he stands in the matter of *education* and *justice*. Here, and elsewhere in the "Gorgias," the great conclusion is adumbrated: pleasure and happiness are not distinguished quantitatively, but qualitatively, and the just life is to be preferred for reasons apart from any computations of pleasure and pain. We find Plato groping, as yet darkly, for this certainty of self-knowledge by which he was to make the Socratic philosophy the religion of the world. In one sense he is discovering a truth that is the contrary of the Socratic hedonism of the "Protagoras"; in another sense he was merely rendering explicit what was implicit in that hedonism, or, rather, correcting Socrates's imperfect logic by Socrates's perfect intuition; for the final fact for which Socrates stood was not a theory of pleasure and knowledge and virtue, not a rationalizing hedonism, but the simple affirmation of ignorance of everything save of this one truth: that justice is preferable to injustice, that it is better, if needs be, to suffer injustice than to do injustice, and that somehow he had never met a man who could argue against this intuition without in the end making himself ridiculous.

This correction of Socrates's logic by a reexamination of his hypotheses in the light of his own intuition, adumbrated in the "Gorgias," is, in the "Republic," wrought out in all the splendor of reason and imagination. The psychological dualism upon which rests the distinction between pleasure and happiness is elaborated and illustrated (notably in the tale of the man passing the *barathron*) in such a way as to leave little room for further development, and justice, now defined as a condition of the soul known to the man himself by his happiness, is rescued from the ambiguities of a calculating hedonism.

If this analysis of the three greatest of the early dialogues is correct, the whole theory of Professor Burnet, based on the doctrine of ideas, falls to the ground.

It may seem that much space has been taken to refute a book which the reviewer confesses to have found in many respects admirable. As a matter of fact, Professor Burnet's pages are scattered with keen *aperçus*, and his scholarship is everywhere in evidence, but the main thesis of his work is at least of a sort that challenges disagreement.

A CRITIC ON HIS ART.

Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

When Mr. Brownell sent forth this little volume on the art of which he has been for nearly thirty-five years an accomplished practitioner, one can fancy that he repeated *sotto voce* the somewhat melancholy words of the "faultless painter" to his Lucrezia: "You don't understand nor care to understand about my art, but you can hear at least when people speak." Every one, of course, who knows anything of these matters knows that Mr. Brownell's "French Traits," his "French Art," his "Victorian Prose Masters," and his "American Prose Masters" are works of rare distinction in the field of American criticism—works in which singularly acute and unintermittent thinking is expressed with almost flawless precision. To that select audience which writing of this nature and quality makes for itself, it need only be said that the treatise before us is related to the preceding critical essays as Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" is related to his verse and his stories, or as Arnold's "Study of Poetry" is related to the second series of "Essays in Criticism." As for that amiable Lucrezia, the general American public, however, it may be surmised that she is not "up" to Mr. Brownell's impeccable art from her otherwise inexplicable failure to exact of him a higher degree of productivity.

It should be pointed out that a critic of his standards will hardly enter upon his task before the age of forty. He must outlive so much emotional ferment and acquire so much intellectual culture before he can attain the high rational disinterestedness, poise, and serenity proper to criticism. Though technical expertness is not to be demanded of him, he must be prepared to deal with multifarious "moral data," to "disengage the qualities which inform the technique," and to value them. His function presupposes a "large and luminous view of life and the world," to which an adequate acquaintance with history, æsthetics, and philosophy is essentially contributory. His criterion is not the epicurean delight of the impressionist nor the rigid formularies of the academic dogmatist, but principles tested and approved by taste, time, and reason or sense, which last is to be incessantly engaged in checking and scrutinizing the chameleon sensibility. His method, finally, is by a close persistent analysis to establish a preconception of personality redefined in an ultimate synthesis. And the highest service of criticism "is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good."

To move the widest circles, Mr. Brownell is a little too impersonal, a little too free from prejudice, a little too civil, urbane, and catholic, and a little too remorselessly intellectual. His style, furthermore, is somewhat too elaborately considered. Though it is invariably clear and bright, it is slightly deficient in charm; it is brilliant but devoid of glamour. One is tempted to quote to him his own comment upon Rodin: "In fine, the most one can say, I think, about the inadequacy of Rodin's technical 'finish' is that his devotion to expression . . . perhaps blinds him to an occasional opportunity of decorating sufficiency of expression, of statement, with that touch of purely sensuous and irresponsible agreeableness which adds nothing—save pure delight!—to its force or significance." To which Mr. Brownell might reply that in rejecting impressionism he has deliberately eschewed the "irresponsible exercise of the nervous system." As he elsewhere puts it in his admirable essay on Arnold, whom he regards, despite a deficient interest in painting and the plastic arts, as the first of critics: "What criticism lacks, and what will always be a limitation to its interest and its power, is the element of beauty, which it of necessity largely foregoes in its concentration upon truth."

Mr. Brownell's criticism pursues truth with fine concentration upon its object—and with very notable technique. One wishes for this discourse a wider influence than it is likely, one apprehends, to exert; for it is full of valuable distinctions, wise counsel, and technical hints of which American criticism generally stands in crying need. One wishes particularly that this book may put readers and writers upon a reëxamination of Mr. Brownell's other works, which illustrate and justify it.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.

Constantine the Great and Christianity. By Christopher Bush Coleman. Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Columbia University Press; Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

The problem of the real attitude of the first nominally Christian emperor towards religion in general and towards the Christian religion in particular is one of perennial interest to students of history. Whether they are concerned primarily with the history of the church or with that of the empire as a whole, they find in a solution of this problem the key to many of the most perplexing problems of that age of transition.

It is, therefore, a very distinct service which Dr. Coleman has rendered in this new study of a subject already treated from almost every conceivable point of view. His purpose is not to offer new material or even to propose novel interpretations of familiar texts, but to summarize and to comment independently upon the views already brought out in the discussions of a generation past.

His plan has a certain suggestion of novelty and certainly tends towards clearness

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of presentation. He divides his treatment under three heads: the Constantine of history, the Constantine of legend, and the Constantine of fiction. Of these divisions the first is the largest and the most important. It includes a fair statement of the problem, followed by an examination of the emperor's reported legislation, his coins, inscriptions, and alleged writings. Then we have an examination of the evidence as to his patronage of Christianity, his gradual change of emphasis from the pagan to the Christian side, and his final acknowledgment of Christianity as his own personal religion by the act of baptism. The second section comprises a survey of the most familiar legends of Constantine, both Christian and pagan, with a view to drawing from them whatever of historical suggestion they may contain. The third part is devoted almost entirely to a study of the famous "Donation," with a history of its reception through the centuries and a brief summary of the arguments against its genuineness. Three appendices give respectively the text of the account of Constantine's conversion in the *Vita Sylvestri*, that of the *donatio*, and that of the first modern criticism of the "Donation" by Nicholas of Cusa.

Dr. Coleman writes as an historian, without prejudices and with a laudable desire to present all sides of a very complicated situation; but he does not succeed, after all, in disentangling the skein. He has read his material, but he cannot get away from it into the perspective needed to command it. He does not wholly escape from the conventional scheme which would make of Constantine either a pagan or a Christian, or else an impostor. He shows, indeed, that he has tried to do this, but he has not worked himself out into a clearness of view that will greatly help the reader. For example, though we have frequent references to the prevailing syncretism of the time we find no adequate study of Constantine's relation to other religions than Christianity by which the apparent inconsistencies in his attitude might be at least partially explained.

It would be interesting to know to what extent Constantine, like many another Roman, indulged in the luxury of having several religions at the same time in order, as he more than hints in the Edict of Milan, to "make himself solid" with every form of divinity there was going in the wide empire he sought to rule.

Nor is there, with all the abundant reference to sources, any careful study or comparison of them. It is not enough to say that Zosimus—who, by the way, twice appears as "Sozimus"—was a "pagan historian" who writes with "characteristic spleen." We ought to know, if our author can tell us, what determined his attitude towards things Christian and, so far as is possible, we ought to be furnished with some sympathetic understanding of that attitude. So, on the other hand, without some similar appreciation it is idle to cite the statements of Eusebius as having any value that can be called convincing.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July to December, will be printed with the issue of January 7.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland," by Enos A. Mills.

The Macmillan Company will publish next month a volume of hitherto unpublished poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with an introduction by Frederick C. Kenyon. The same company announces the forthcoming publication of "Mrs. Martin's Man," by St. John G. Ervine.

The publication is announced of the complete report of the proceedings of the First National Conference on Universities and Public Service. Copies, which may be obtained of Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Box 380, Madison, Wis. (price $1), will be sent free to trustees and other university officials, public officials, editors, and librarians.

The Harvard University Press announces the following books for publication this winter: In literature—"Essays on Chaucer," by George Lyman Kittredge; "The History of Allegory in Spain," by Chandler Rathfon Post; "Poems of Giacomo da Lentino," edited by E. F. Langley; "The Supernatural in Tragedy," by Charles Edward Whitmore. Government and economics—"Some Aspects of the Tariff Problem," by Frank William Taussig; "The Trust Problem," by E. Dana Durand; "The Enforcement of Decrees in Equity" (Vol. I of the Harvard Studies in Jurisprudence), by Charles Andrews Huston; "A Bibliography of Municipal Government," by William Bennett Munro; "The Anthracite Coal Combination in the United States," by Eliot Jones; "English Field Systems," by H. L. Gray; "The Evolution of the English Corn Market, from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century," by N. S. B. Gras; "An Approach to Business Problems," by Arch Wilkinson Shaw. History—"Wraxall's New York Indian Records, 1678-1751," by Charles Howard McIlwain.

Prof. Svante Arrhenius, of Stockholm, announces, in view of the European situation, the postponement of distribution of the Nobel prizes by the scientific and literary institutions of Sweden until 1915. Heretofore the formal presentation of the prizes in medicine, chemistry, physics, and literature has been held on December 10, the anniversary of Nobel's death. The mere anouncement of the awards will still be made on that date, the actual presentation to take place hereafter in June of the following year.

Numerous books about the war must be dispatched with briefest indications of their temper and worth. Edmund von Mach's "What Germany Wants" (Little, Brown; $1 net) describes Germany as essentially pacific, but impelled by pressure of population to seek new territory and new markets. "She had to find ever new markets in the world or starve." In the quest England seemed to thwart her; hence a sort of inevitable conflict. As a statement of the perverted political psychology of the Vaterland, the book has a certain value. On the side of cold fact, though Germany may have felt hemmed in, she was not. No nation with a rapidly advancing commerce who imports annually some fifty thousand laborers to gather her crops is really suffering from overpopulation, or even figuratively in danger of starvation. Dr. von Mach's book will with impartial readers increase the sense that Germany's wants were inordinate. The general dignity and moderation of Dr. von Mach's plea are as remarkable as its logical thinness.

"The German Enigma," by Georges Bourdon (Dutton) is the report of an *enquête* made by a highly trained Parisian journalist in Germany last year. He interviewed, among others, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, von Bethmann-Hollweg, Prince Lichnowsky, Theodor Wolff of the *Tageblatt*, Sudermann, and Maximilian Harden. The results of these conversations are more personally interesting than politically instructive. M. Bourdon found abundant verbal friendship for France, and a universal conviction that Germany must increase her armaments. Adolf Kerr, of *Pan*, indulged in wholly candid expressions which have become prophetic: "There is a warlike foundation in the temperament of the race, a superfluity of animal force that requires to vent itself." What is most significant is that several of the publicists consulted volunteered the information that there was no international opinion among the German people, and that war, if it came, would be the decision of a small administrative minority. M. Bourdon's suggestion that a neutralized Alsace-Lorraine would liberate France to avert an impending clash between Germany and Russia has a pathetically belated sound. While the personal interest of a book which reports the sayings of prominent German leaders is considerable, no common tendency is discernible except that everybody felt before the war that Germany should be tremendously armed and that she would keep peace only on the condition that her whole case be conceded. The state of mind can hardly be described as enigmatic, and M. Bourdon should not have been puzzled.

John C. Powys's pamphlet, "The War and Culture" (G. Arnold Shaw) is a reply to Professor Münsterberg's book. Mr. Powys goes straight to the contrasting political ideals that underlie the war, setting them forth with clearness and eloquence. An extract will give a notion of the reasoning and style of a tract which is more weighty than many of the more pretentious treatises:

> The idea of Germany is to force upon the world, by means of an omnipotent and irresistible state-machine, a certain hard, scientific, unimaginative, and efficient culture.
>
> The idea of the Allies is to protect the individual against the state, the little nations against the empires, and the drama, color, passion, beauty, and tradition of the various races of the earth against a monotonous and murderous uniformity.

Mr. Powys is both ingenious and just in bringing apparently autocratic Russia within his general scheme. Cloudesley Brereton's little book, "Who Is Responsible?" (Putnam; 50 cents net) is both an historical analysis and a forecast. The author traces clearly the hardening of German sympathy into unbridled national egotism under Prussian miseducation, and believes that Germany must be beaten for her own sake. The argument is conducted with vigor. Mr. Brere-

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ton's comment on the campaign of the peace societies deserves attention:

Unfortunately, the peace societies throughout the world appear to have made an error in tactics. They have concentrated unduly on the idea of the brotherhood of man (cosmopolitanism), and have too often ignored the vital factor of nationality.

"The War in Europe: Its Cause and Consequences" (Sully & Kleinteich; $2 net) is a rather large octavo full of statistical material of a political and military sort, with maps and tables, and, as well, numerous illustrations gleaned mostly from the current magazines and from standard encyclopædic works. There is also an historical summary and a selection from the diplomatic correspondence. The compilation has been made by the skilled hand of Dr. Rossiter Johnson, and the work seems well adapted to the needs of those who are limited to a single source of reference.

"The Railway Library" for 1913, compiled by Slason Thompson (Bureau of Railway News and Statistics), sustains its reputation as a valuable collection of interesting literature on the subject of railways, most of which appeared during the year. Forty-two articles are reprinted, and the list of authors includes the names of Theodore Roosevelt, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Meyer, Charles A. Prouty, Presidents Rea of the Pennsylvania and Elliott of the New Haven, Seth Low, and W. M. Acworth.

In "The Joyful Heart" (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.25 net) Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler has collected a number of essays originally printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and elsewhere. It is a book of enthusiasms. With a slight, harmless air of proprietorship it offers enthusiasm, joy, "the brimming cup," to jaded and half-hearted humanity. "Exuberance," it cries, "is the income yielded by a wise investment of one's vitality. On this income, so long as it flows in regularly, the moderate man may live in the Land of the Joyful Heart, incased in triple steel against any arrows of outrageous fortune that happen to stray in across the frontier. Immigrants to this land . . ." the passage goes on to illustrate an exuberance in speech which is characteristic of the writer. His metaphors trip on each others' heels or are forgotten, sometimes with odd results, as in his allusion to "a crowd of unadulterated human porcupines." It might be difficult to adulterate a porcupine, even with a pair of tweezers! But to be overflowing with vitality is the main thing, to be joyously abounding in health, in spirits—in activity among metaphors and elsewhere. The really central idea, to which Mr. Schauffler returns again and again in these pages, is that happy achievement depends on bodily health; and that the bodily health worth having is not a mere lack of illness, but a positive and exultant strength to will, to do, and to enjoy. He pleads for physical training as the only sane basis for cheerful and useful living. "Such a regimen pays thousands of per cent. in yearly dividends. It allows one to live in an almost continual state of exaltation rather like that which the sprinter enjoys when, after months of flawless preparation, he hurls himself through space like some winged creature too much in love with the earth to leave it, while every drop of his tingling blood makes him conscious of endless reserves of vitality." It is out of such health, says Mr. Schauffler, that masterpieces in art have proceeded—directly from the artist, but indirectly also from those "masters by proxy" who have given him of their surplus vitality in the form of sympathy and inspiration. And there is an even more practical variety of the "master by proxy." Several times in these papers Mr. Schauffler reverts to a plea for the endowment of genius. The essay on "The Joyful Heart for Poets" seems to have rather more to do with pockets than with hearts. The argument is that we should spend a few thousands out of the millions we give for education to founding "fellowships of creative poetry," and that it would be well now and then for a "captain of industry . . . to put his hand into his pocket—if only into his watch-pocket—or adorn his last testament with a modest codicil"—in favor of some struggling young poet. Thus might vicarious glory be attained by the dullest millionaire. "Even if he finds himself quite lacking in creativeness, he can still be a silent partner of genius if he will relax his purse-strings." And if he can first catch his genius! Relaxing purse-strings is, we understand, the chief sport of millionaires, but it has its rules. What Mr. Schauffler really needs for his purpose is a captain of industry with enough of surplus vitality to enjoy investing in futures.

Students of local government have long been interested in the reputed efficiency of German city administration, but hitherto there has been a surprisingly small amount of accurate information published on the subject in English. The German statistical year books are full of data, but few of us have either the patience to burrow through them or the skill and experience which is necessary to interpret the results that these figures may disclose. Mr. W. H. Dawson, in "Municipal Life and Government in Germany" (Longmans; $3.75 net), has, for the present at least, solved some of this difficulty. He has devoted several years to a personal investigation of German municipal administration, visiting the various cities, interviewing their officials, and getting his information at first hand. The result is a book, not written from books, but out of the mouths of men. This is not to say that the author has altogether neglected to make use of official publications; on the contrary, he has drawn freely from such sources. But he has put flesh upon these dry bones, so that his narrative of German municipal achievement is interesting as well as accurate in its details. The volume deals with the structure as well as with the functions of city government in the German Empire, although chiefly with the latter. There are good chapters on urban land-policy and city planning, housing, and poor relief. Due consideration is given, and very properly, to German municipal progress in minor fields of social betterment—to the municipalization of pawnshops and employment agencies, for example. More than a hundred pages are devoted to the complicated but highly important topic of municipal finances. The author's chapters on this subject constitute the clearest and most trustworthy short survey that has yet appeared in English. Some of Mr. Dawson's statements are hardly supported by the evidence adduced, but these do not seriously impair the value of a solid, careful, and readable volume. More to the point is the fact that the author has viewed everything from an intensely pro-German standpoint. He finds virtually nothing to criticise; even the Prussian local franchise system, with all its absurdities, meets his general approval as "asserting the principle of proportional representation according to liability to taxation" (p. 69).

The Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars, a not very godly cleric who flourished in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, published at Paris in 1670 a curious book called "Comte de Gabalis, ou entretiens sur les sciences secrètes." To the mere eye of sense, the gist of this work appears to be a somewhat playful recommendation of that "higher sensuality" which earlier in the century found favor at the court of Henrietta Maria in England under the name of "Platonic love"—a sensuality refined by mystical nonsense collected from the ends of the earth. Alexander Pope brought the book to the attention of English readers by borrowing from it the sylph-machinery in his "Rape of the Lock," and by commending it in his preface to that poem as the best account of the Rosicrucians. Edward Gibbon, as we are informed, once owned the copy now in the British Museum. Robert Browning also had a copy, to which he was indebted for some of the obscurities in "The Ring and the Book." Bulwer-Lytton utilized it in his novel, "Zanoni." Anatole France refers to it, employs it, and exposes its mystical sensuality to derisive laughter in the "Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque." It is now presented to us in an English translation with an elaborate mystical commentary, published by the Brothers, and to be had of Mr. Harry B. Haines, 527 West 110th Street, New York, for $2.50. It is necessary, therefore, to add that to the illuminated eye—to the spiritual vision in which the writer of this note is regrettably deficient—"Comte de Gabalis" unfolds all the ancient mysteries, and leads the "Pilgrim Soul" into "a new realization of God's Omnipotence and Justice." A similar claim, we believe, was formerly advanced in behalf of Ovid's "Ars amatoria." Whether there is any relation between the Abbé's text and the commentary drawn from Plato, Proclus, Porphyry, the Koran, the Cabala, Behmen, Swedenborg, and Mrs. M. B. Eddy—this is a question which cannot be answered by one who is animated by "selfish intellectualism." As we are fairly warned at the outset, this book is only "for the student who seeks to illuminate his intelligence by the torch of his own divinity"—for those who, as Pope put it, "quitting sense call imitating God."

Norman B. Dearle, in his "Industrial Training" (London: King; 10s. 6d. net), has given us a volume well up to the standard of previous monographs edited by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves and published under the auspices of the London School of Economics and Political Science. It is a very thorough discussion of the existing conditions of employment of male workers in the City of London and how they have affected the industrial training of boys. This discussion, with its conclusions, is based upon several years of investigation during which the facts were obtained at first hand from employers, trade-union officials, trade schools, boys engaged in various methods of learning a trade, and journeymen in the same trades. Whether they agree with the author's conclusions or

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not, social workers and economists owe him a debt for the completeness of the data and the logical sequence and clarity with which they are presented. Each chapter is prefaced with a summary of its contents, and by frequent recapitulation the important divisions of the subject are kept in mind. Teaching methods in the shops are treated in detail, and the advantages and disadvantages of all existing practices considered. Trade schools, the problems arising from boy labor, and the relation of industrial training to unemployment, all find their place in the book. Mr. Dearle's solution is the practical one of utilizing existing agencies so far as they are good, in the attempt to organize boy labor, standardize and improve methods in the various trades, and supplement them by universal compulsory continuation schools. Each trade would preserve what is best in its own methods, and the desired result of centralized control over the entire field of industrial training, with equal coöperation of employers, parents, trade unions, educational authorities, and other existing agencies might ultimately be achieved without sudden and violent disturbances. This book is worthy of the attention of Americans who are working along similar lines and who desire to forestall in America conditions that have become acute elsewhere..

"A Far Journey" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75), by the Rev. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, is a simply written story of the pathway, geographical, political, intellectual, and religious, by which the author has been led from boyhood in a Syrian village near Mt. Lebanon to a high level of intelligent citizenship in the United States, and from membership in the Greek Orthodox Church to the pastorate of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. The introductory chapters go beyond the personal fortunes of the writer and give many interesting pictures of Syrian manners and customs. That even a little Syrian village can send a child into the world with an adequate native intellectual endowment is evident from the comparative ease with which Mr. Rihbany has triumphed over the disadvantage of limited educational opportunities. Thwarted in his desire for a thorough college training, he has persistently sought and found an education elsewhere, and that, too, without falling into the common error of undervaluing the more formal schooling denied to him. His wholesome respect for American democracy, his clear conception of its nature, and his conscientious acceptance of its responsibilities should teach a lesson to those among us who would apply wholesale restrictions to the immigration through which new and vigorous blood of so desirable a type is obtained. It was the chance of a good-natured inspector rather than the strict application of existing law that saved him from deportation without seeing more of America than is visible from New York harbor, for only a hasty loan from some of his fellow passengers saved him from facing the ordeal of Ellis Island with no visible means of support.

Whatever Mr. David Hannay writes is well worth reading, for he is saturated with his subject, and he writes with authority. His latest book, "Naval Courts-Martial" (Putnam; $2.50), is not at all what one might reasonably expect, a compendium of famous trials. These he passes over in silence or with but scant reference. American readers will naturally look, but look in vain, for accounts of the court-martial held on board H. M. S. Daphne, Sheerness, March 10, 1780, "for the trial of Captains Pearson and Piercy, officers, and men of H. M. S. ships Serapis and Countess of Scarborough"; or of that held September 9, 1814, on board H. M. S. Gladiator, Portsmouth, "for the trial of the officers and crew of H. M. late squadron on Lake Erie," etc., etc. Mr. Hannay's object is far different. Out of the countless musty records he has searched he seeks to create a truthful picture of the interior economy of the Royal Navy prior to the end of the Napoleonic wars. It is the seamy, not to say repulsive, side of the warp he holds up, more than justifying the most sordid pages of Smollett and Ward. A little light breaks through the dark cloud now and then, but one marvels that such brutality, hardship, injustice, as he depicts could ever have been tolerated. Some slight description might well have been given for the benefit of the layman of the Judgments of Oleron of the fourteenth century, so long the law of the maritime world in western Europe. The index is sadly insufficient. The style is clear and admirable, and the work an absorbingly interesting human document.

Great writers have much to answer for. Had Stevenson never written his "Tour with a Donkey in the Cevennes," it is safe to say that H. H. Bashford's "Vagabonds in Perigord" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), and a hundred other books like it, would never have seen the light; and they would not have been seriously missed. Mr. Bashford's contribution to the list is quite innocuous. It tells how he and a lady and another gentleman went for a walking tour in the neighborhood of Rocamadour and what they saw —not very much of that—and especially what they felt and the things they said to one another about babies and prudery and women's rights and things like that. They do not seem to have bored one another at all, but the reader would have preferred a little more, say, about Rocamadour, and a little less about Sophronia and her babies. Stevenson knew how to make Modestine live; Mr. Bashford is less successful with Sophronia.

A "source-book" is Hugh Gordon Miller's and Joseph C. Freehoff's characterization of their book, "The Panama Canal Tolls Controversy" (Boston: Chapple). It is a source-book by virtue not only of its appendices, which contain the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the Suez Canal Convention, the Hay-Pauncefote treaties of 1900 and 1901, and the treaty with Panama, but also of its free utilization of speeches by Senators who had a part in the framing of some of these arrangements. The authors do not conceal their opinion that the exemption clause of the Canal Act should have been repealed, as President Wilson successfully insisted, but the mass of their pages is filled with quotations from the debates on the various aspects of the question. These are connected with brief explanatory narratives, beginning with our interest in the idea of such a canal nearly a century ago. The book is not benefited by the introductions by William J. Bryan, Oscar S. Straus, and Senator Hughes, which merely delay a reader in getting to the essentials of the matter. On the other side of the question is Lewis Nixon's "The Canal Tolls and American Shipping" (McBride, Nast; $1.25 net). Mr. Nixon's book contains even more in the way of documents than does the other volume. It pays special attention to Senator Root's speech of January 21, 1913, the admitted force of which it endeavors to break.

A sermon preached on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Springfield, Mass., gives its name to a collection of chapters on "Civic Righteousness and Civic Pride," by Dr. Newton Marshall Hall (Sherman, French; $1.25 net). While the sermonic tone pervades the book, it embodies the ideals, economic and moral, of our present municipal strivings. Of a very different kind is "Open-Air Politics," by "Junius Jay" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), in which are set forth, in fictional form, discussions of the problem of government. It cannot be said that much light is thrown upon fundamental questions, such as that of sovereignty, nor that the breaking of the "universal strike" by the belated firmness of Gov. Soothem goes further towards a solution of our difficulties than to emphasize the necessity of law and order. The publishers' assurance that the efforts to conceal the authorship of the book have been so successful that they themselves know only that the writer is an American, "eminent in public life, and of more than national fame," is calculated to raise the expectations of the reader considerably beyond any satisfaction that the pages afford.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The Authors' Society of London has raised a special fund for the assistance of British writers who have suffered financially through the war. Its War Emergency Fund subcommittee has been meeting regularly once a week to consider applications, and has spent about $1,000 in relief. The list of applicants is steadily increasing, as the prolongation of the war makes further inroads upon the scanty savings of peaceful times.

H. G. Wells is not only an epigrammatist himself, but the cause of epigrams in others. An irreverent English journalist remarked lately that he almost hoped for an invasion, because Mr. Wells would then be able to carry out his intention of sniping at the Germans. In that event this would become the War that Ends Wells, and All's well that ends Wells.

At Bengasi, in that part of the new Italian colony of Tripoli which is known as Cyrenaica, an archæological museum is under formation. Professor Ghislanzoni, the director, is already busy with valuable finds which have been made, This region of the Pentapolis was in full artistic development when Herodotus visited it. Even this was long after the initial contact with Greek civilization and all that went before.

> Some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
> Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
> And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
> Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
> Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine;
> And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
> The young light-hearted masters of the waves.

So far excavations have been carried on at the site of Cyrene; and they have already given prime samples of classic Greek sculpture—a Venus, Discobolus, and Three Graces.

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The present stop in excavating has been put to profit in classifying scattered remains. This has led to an interesting surprise. It has been possible to reconstruct almost entirely a Parian marble statue of Alexander the Great. The pieces were found, like the other statues, near the spring of Apollo. They are in excellent preservation, and make a statue more than seven and a half feet high (2.30 metres). It is a nude, vigorous figure, standing upright with an equestrian emblem at the side. The arms are still wanting. The face is full of majesty, and may be compared with the contemporary bust known as Alexander the Great in the Louvre Museum. The Cyrenean Venus is set down, in the somewhat curious inventory of Bengasi, at 250,000 lire; this Alexander is listed at 400,000 ($80,000). Art, archæology, and history are all interested.

Science

HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Wild Game in Zambezia. By R. C. F. Maugham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In an earlier volume the author has treated in a general way of the great region in Southeast Africa drained by the Zambezi. Here he presents an account of the magnificent fauna of the same country. He has a new field, far removed from the well-known hunting grounds to the north, of the game of which Roosevelt has recently given an excellent résumé.

After a brief survey of the subject, we find in successive chapters exceedingly interesting accounts of the various forms of life, from elephants to lizards. By far the major portion is devoted to the larger game animals. Part of this is of necessity compilation, but much of it is from original observation. Although written by a sportsman primarily for sportsmen, yet the hunting aspect is subordinated and advice as to equipment and rifles is segregated in a single chapter. We are introduced to the animals of the wilderness through an easy, descriptive style of diction, rare in works of this character. The text is clarified for the layman by the absence of scientific names and technical classification. Yet the matter is in no sense unscientific, and many thoughtlessly accepted statements, as well as moot questions, are touched upon, supported with data which orient anew our previously formed opinions. Among these are the reputed manelessness of lions in thorny country and the general belief that man-eaters are such because of advancing age and failing powers of offence in tooth and claw.

The details of the wild lives as far as mankind has been able to unravel them are varied with unusual sidelights, either tragic or comic, from our anthropomorphic point of view. The former is the dominant note in the account of the magnificent, full-maned lion discovered quite dead, twenty feet from the ground, wedged in the angle of a massive fork of a tree. Judging from the surrounding indications, "it was clearly a case in which this animal had aroused the resentment of a female elephant, which had evidently seized him in her trunk in a paroxysm of rage and hurled him into the position in which he was found, whence it had been impossible to extricate himself. Both flanks were almost denuded of coat, showing the frightful struggles he must have made to escape; but the trees or the branches held firmly, and who among the cowering denizens of the jungle should obey such a call for help as that?"

Then, again, there is that which, except to Alice, must be accounted truly humorous—the vision of a lion sitting patiently for hours with gigantic paw expectantly poised at the hole of a field-rat, as he is compelled to do when larger prey is scarce, and before he resorts to the leonine diet of lowest caste—the fruits of the forest. Unless, indeed, we reserve for this place the instance of one of these kings of beasts which, famine-driven, appeased the "pangs of an unpleasant vacuum with the malodorous shirt of a long-unwashed native."

Baboons are of unusual interest, and the author's every word concerning these dreaded creatures is absorbing. The following paragraph presents his views on the relations of these primates with the natives. When a troop of baboons decides to descend upon cultivated gardens—

On approaching the scene of the raid, the troop takes open order, so to speak, the females, with their babies clinging round their necks, or with those of slightly riper growth following behind, advancing directly but noiselessly upon the scene of the robbery, while several of the "old men" take up positions, by either climbing trees or getting upon an adjacent rock or ant-hill, which enable them to observe and signal the approach of danger. This they do by the utterance of a gruff bark, whereupon, snatching all they can lay their hands upon, and with cheek-pouches stuffed to their utmost capacity, they tear away, uttering the curious "glazier's diamond" sound to which I have referred above. Should the interruption be caused by the appearance of one or two women, however, they will frequently turn *en bande,* literally mob them, and usually put them to flight, promptly appropriating anything of an edible character which they have been carrying at the time. There can be no doubt whatsoever that baboons discriminate readily between the males and the females of the human species, and are fully alive to the ease with which, in comparison with the former, the latter may be stampeded and driven off. It is incontestable that native women hold baboons in the strongest detestation and terror, and various scarcely credible stories are related of the boldness of these animals when women have been reduced through fear to helplessness. Personally, I incline strongly to the view that the baboon's one object in demonstrating before native women is to possess himself less of the affrighted female than of any small articles of an edible character she may have in her possession at the time, and I have never heard an authenticated case of the animal having occasioned her further cause for reproach, if one except a severe fright into the bargain. Still, however improbable the belief in the designs which baboons are said to have upon native women and girls, it has gained such ground as to have obtained practically universal belief.

Two notable chapters at the end deal with the tsetse fly and game reserves. In the former the author presents a strong case against the threatened wholesale and deliberate destruction of wild game as the suspected sole source of food of these terrible pests, and seems to show conclusively that there are extensive fly-belts from which the larger game animals are wholly absent. Throughout the volume there is frequent protest against "biltong" and pot hunters, together with sane pleas for the establishment of preserves.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, contributes to the *Astrophysical Journal* an account of visual observations of Halley's comet at its last return in 1910. Considering its great brightness, and the extraordinary phenomena presented by other comets of recent years, which at most only attained the faintest naked-eye visibility, Halley's comet at this return, though a brilliant and interesting object to the naked eye, was, nevertheless, a disappointment when considered from a photographic standpoint. It is safe to say that it did not give us any new information concerning these strange bodies. Photographically, its light was relatively slow in its action. While it lacked much in interest as seen with the eye of the sensitive plate, to the human eye it left a lasting impression, which, added to its long life-history of more than 2,000 years, made it, at its return of 1910, perhaps the most interesting comet of history. The apparent length of its tail when nearest the earth (120 degrees or more) was probably the greatest on record, though the actual length was much exceeded by many previous comets. With the forty-inch telescope its visual appearance extended from September 15, 1909, to May 23, 1911, which, though a long period, has been exceeded by several comets that never attained naked-eye visibility. It seems quite probable that the earth actually did encounter one of the branches of the tail—the southern branch—on, or about, May 18 or 19, more probably on the later date. There is also a suspicion that the influence of this encounter on our atmosphere was apparent for months afterward, as slowly moving strips and masses of self-luminous haze which were not confined to any one part of the sky.

John Muir, geologist, naturalist, and explorer, who died on December 24, was born at Dunbar, Scotland, on April 21, 1838. After an elementary education in Scotland (he went to school before he was three years of age) he came with his parents to America at an early age and settled in Wisconsin, where he shared in the hard life of a pioneer farmer. In boyhood he exhibited an extraordinary inventive gift, and this, through an exhibition of his devices at the Wisconsin State Fair in 1860, led to his attending the State University, working his way through his four years' course at college. An accident to his eye turned him definitely to the study of nature; drew him, as he himself said, "to the sweet fields rather than from them," and there followed some months of tramping which brought him finally to the "glorious Yosemite," whose spell held him for the rest of his life.

In 1876 Mr. Muir joined the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in order to in-

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crease his knowledge of the deserts and mountain ranges beyond the Sierras, and for three years he worked in Nevada and Utah; but in 1879 he returned to his studies of glaciers, which took him to Alaska, where he discovered the glacier named after him. In 1881 he went as a member of the Corwin Expedition in search of De Long and the lost Jeannette, which gave him opportunity for other glacial studies along the coast of Siberia and in the Bering Sea. He was the first to demonstrate the existence of living glaciers in the Sierra Nevada, his conclusions, when he first stated them, being laughed to scorn by the scientists. Apart from his scientific work, Mr. Muir's preëminent service to his country was in the long fight, finally crowned with success, which he made to preserve the national parks and the forest reserves. He remained faithful to the end to his beloved Sierras, but he left them at times for extensive travels, and his absorption in the study of nature took him to South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa. Mr. Muir, besides innumerable articles in magazines and newspapers, published: "The Mountains of California," 1894; "Our National Parks," 1901; "Stickeen, the Story of a Dog," 1909; "My First Summer in the Sierra," 1911; "The Yosemite," 1912; "Story of My Boyhood and Youth," 1913. Harvard conferred on him an honorary A.M. in 1896, and he received the LL.D. from Wisconsin in 1897 and from California in 1913, and the Litt.D. from Yale in 1911.

A correspondent sends us the following:

How a steel-filing, hitting an embryo Edison in the eye, turned him suddenly into an Agassiz, is shown by the career of the late John Muir, and the incident will furnish numberless preachers with a theme for impressing upon their disciples the marvels of a Providential dispensation. But one of the things which will do most to leave the philosopher's memory sweet in the thoughts of our fun-loving age is the way he put his inventive genius to work on a small scale, to add to the comfort of his own life. Not only had he a mechanical device to wake him up in the morning at any hour he chose, and dump him out of bed, but he made another which would rid him of bores. He called it a loafer-chair. An undesirable visitor who was so willing to cut his call short that he would sit merely on the front of the chair, ready to rise and depart as soon as his business was finished, escaped any trouble; but one who was so bent on making himself at home as to lean back, by that act pressed a concealed spring which fired an old pistol directly under the seat. No one ever remained passive at that stage of the performance; and it was one of Mr. Muir's special delights to make diagrams of the kind of parabolic curves different bores would describe as they flew through the air in terror. Less amiable, perhaps, but scarcely less startling in its effects, was the apparatus he rigged up to clear his study of lovely women who called sometimes in shoals to inspect his inventions and ask questions which seemed to him superfluous. When this performance had proceeded as far as he desired, he slyly released a hair thread which brought down from the ceiling, into the midst of the gathering, a particularly horrid-looking spider, made of a raisin and some sprigs of wood. From that moment he had the room to himself.

Drama

EARLY ACADEMIC PLAYS.

The University Drama in the Tudor Age. By Frederick S. Boas. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

The English university drama of the sixteenth century has been slow in reaching modern scholars. Only very recently have the issues of the Malone Society and of Professor Bang's "Materialien" (suspended only temporarily, we may hope, by the dispersion of the University of Louvain) begun to make accessible material for which one had to depend on the summaries of Churchill and Keller and of Louise B. Morgan in the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch." And until Professor Boas contributed a chapter to the "Cambridge History of English Literature" nothing like a comprehensive survey of the subject had been attempted.

In the volume before us the latter end of the story is omitted; we hear nothing of King James's delight in "Ignoramus," of the rise of pastoral and the spread of allegory on the university boards; for these things and for a bibliography of the subject the reader is referred to the sixth volume of the "Cambridge History." The present account ends with the death of Elizabeth; almost, it might be said, it begins with the time of her birth (1533), so late did humanism mature in England; and her visits to Cambridge in 1564, to Oxford in 1566 and 1592, were events of capital importance in the history of academic drama. By limiting the scope of the book, more space could be devoted to the detailed discussion of points merely mentioned in the earlier article, such as the questionable identification of the extant "Absalon" with Watson's play of that name so highly praised by Ascham; John Bridge's claim to the authorship of "Gammer Gurtons Nedle," and the controversy between the Puritan Rainolds and Gager, the Christ Church dramatist, over the propriety of college plays.

But, indeed, at every point the subject gains by the detailed treatment it receives. The description "academic" is enough to relegate any play to oblivion; the fact that it is written in Latin is sufficient to insure its permanent residence there. But under the spell of Professor Boas's enthusiasm, and in the presence of his skilfully sustained analyses of the plays themselves, even the prejudiced reader might be expected to kindle. For, in truth, the academic drama of the sixteenth century touched life and letters at many points. It was closely connected with the court. Performances were "ordered" by intending royal visitors, such as those in honor of Elizabeth or of the Polish prince, Albertus Alasco, whom Leicester brought to Oxford in 1583. Nobles like Lord Buckhurst, the Revels Office, too, helped to equip these academic plays; on the occasion of Elizabeth's first visit to Oxford Richard Edwardes, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, not only wrote his famous and unhappily lost, "Palamon and Arcyte," but likewise had general superintendence over the whole dramatic programme.

There were close relations, too, between the academic drama and the popular stage. Lyly, Peele, Lodge, Nash, Greene, and Marlowe were all university trained men; Peele superintended the performances at Christ Church in 1583. Some news of all this dramatic activity reached Shakespeare: of Legge's triple Senecan tragedy, "Richardus Tertius," and, possibly, in "Twelfth Night," of the attractive Cambridge comedy, "Laelia." Conversely, the academic dramatist, though his models were usually Senecan tragedy and comedy Plautine, Italianate, even Aristophanic sometimes, did not always write without knowledge of the popular stage. The anonymous author of "Cæsar and Pompey," an Oxford play of about 1594, makes heavy draughts upon it, and the authors of the "Parnassus" trilogy, who despised the professional player with the perfect contempt of the gownsman, made satiric and critical fun of Shakespeare at every point.

The play last named serves as a reminder that not all the successes of the academic drama were in Latin. At about the time of Shakespeare's birth stands "Gammer Gurtons Nedle," a Cambridge play, happily uniting classical and native traditions. Among the early plays, one of the best, Christopherson's Ἰεφθάε, with its reminiscences of Euripides's "Iphigenia in Aulis," is in Greek. But Latin is the natural medium, and it is only because their achievements are in this tongue, instead of the vernacular, that men like Nicholas Grimald and William Gager do not hold an important place in the story of Tudor drama. To match the work of these Oxford tragedians, Cambridge can show comedies no less brilliant. And this in spite of the fact that the academic drama seldom forgot its practical functions, of providing instruction, in its earlier stages of a moral, in its later of a rhetorical character. Only occasionally do we come upon Aristophanic fun adapted to local conditions, such as the satiric portrait of Gabriel Harvey in "Pedantius," or the attack on the "town" in "Club Law."

Professor Boas's volume, for its combination of full detail and stimulating presentation, will at once take its place among the classics of modern scholarship.

At the Gaiety, Manchester, Miss Horniman intends, early in the New Year, to produce two plays of considerable interest. The first is "The One Thing Needful," written by Miss Estelle Burney and Mr. Herbert Swea Originally presented at an experimental performance some months ago, the piece attracted more than ordinary attention. It has since been largely revised and certain obvious defects have been removed. In its altered shape it will probably be seen later in London during Miss Horniman's spring season. From Mr. Frank Stayton Miss Horniman has also acquired a play entitled "The Joan Danvers," which is to see the light in due course.

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"THE LIE."

Except to say that Henry Arthur Jones's new four-act drama, "The Lie," cannot under any circumstances be called a great play, one may well reserve downright judgment until it is produced in conditions more favorable than those attending the representation at the Harris Theatre. For one thing, the play gets a poor start in the present production. The first act is one of those leisurely sketches of English characteristics, dear to both Jones and Pinero, and somewhat resembling the spacious scenes of eighteenth-century comedy, in which much is left to the individual touches of the actors—in a word, comedy of manners. It sets forth simply and accurately the life of an aristocratic derelict, an old gentleman living on in the run-down abbey which for six hundred years has been occupied by his ancestors. He is of the amusing type to whom all modern tendencies are villanous and all reformers and new aspirants to fame and fortune are scoundrels. Here Sir Robert lives with his granddaughter, Elinore (Margaret Illington), attended by two servants who can be retained only because they cannot be paid off. Yet Sir Robert attains a modicum of comfort by recourse to wine and hunting, and though pretending to absolute independence, can see no reason why the rascals who have recently achieved prominence should not subsidize him as an admirable example of the older order.

The sketch, though done in simple colors, is quite convincing, and was fairly played by Mr. Alfred Bishop. But Miss Illington fitted poorly into the setting; at least one of the servants, the maid, was a caricature, and Mr. Vincent Serrano, in the important part of Gerald Forster, a rich young engineer, in love with Elinore, was entirely out of his element.

If this initial scene were better managed, it is quite possible that the succeeding tragedy would be more gripping than it is. For the tragedy has supreme elements. It relates a story of self-effacement on the part of Elinore, who, to shield her sister from the consequences of an irregular union, gives up for the time a chance to make a handsome marriage with Gerald. We need not explain the circumstances through which the sister Lucy (well played by Miss Violet Heming) contrives to convince Gerald, who has got wind of some irregularity, that Elinore and not she is guilty of the illegitimate child, and through which she marries Gerald herself. In the end, of course, Elinore hears of the lie and turns on Lucy ferociously, in a scene having certain similarity to one in "The Lily," so ably portrayed by Nance O'Neill. Here is dramatic material, which shines through both Miss Illington's limited abilities and Mr. Jones's inadequate treatment. For it is inadequate. In the first place, he resorts to stage tricks, such as entrances in the nick of time to prevent important disclosures. Nor is he at pains to give a rounded human picture of the younger sister, who in her unrelieved selfishness takes on much the proportions of an Elizabethan villain.

Altogether this play gives the impression of a work hastily put together; which is perhaps the most severe charge that could be brought against it. For if such aspects of sex as that here presented must continue to occupy the stage, they should be treated in such a way as to free them entirely from the suspicion of commercialism. F.

"POOR LITTLE THING."

An interesting experiment was initiated last week in the opening of the Bandbox Theatre, another of the "little theatres," but this time dedicated to the special purpose of housing a repertory company which shall produce a new play every month. For the idea of such an enterprise no praise is needed; the desirability, indeed the urgent necessity, for the best interests of drama of a revival of the repertory company is a matter on which virtually all who take an intelligent interest in the theatre are agreed. It only remains to be said that the stock company of the Bandbox seems to have been well selected, and that the principle on which the plays are to be cast is obviously sensible, but unfortunately rare: there are to be neither leading men nor leading women, but players are to be fitted to rôles, not rôles to players.

The opening of this little theatre on East 57th Street, which has been renovated attractively, but not extravagantly, may be said to have been auspicious. The piece selected was "Poor Little Thing," a new play in four acts by Jerome K. Jerome, adapted from the French of Jules Lemaître. In the adaptation it must be admitted that some of the dramatic force of the original has been lost. This was inevitable, if we accept, as Mr. Jerome does, the necessity of toning down for Anglo-Saxon audiences the essential motive of the piece, which is the rivalry of father and son for the affections of the same girl. Mr. Jerome, therefore, reconciles the play with the accepted canons of good taste by diluting the father's passion for the girl into a mixture of platonic and paternal affection, thereby eliminating some of the clash of will which makes for dramatic intensity in the original and weakening the character of the father.

Mareze, a distinguished artist, is the adored "master" of a class of gushing girls. Their adoration and his pleased acceptance of it are equally innocent, and cause no pang to his honest and somewhat stupid peasant wife, who has not been able to rise with the growing fame of her husband. But there is a gifted and favorite pupil, Juliette Dupuy, in whom Mareze takes an especial interest, which he describes to himself, as to his wife, as purely paternal. Concerning the purity of his affection, however, he protesteth, though quite sincerely, overmuch, and arouses the jealousy of his wife. The climax comes when, on meeting the girl by chance in Mareze's studio, in his own home, the wife in ungovernable passion forbids her to come there again. As the scene is in progress, the Marezes' son, Jacques, enters, and his sympathy with the girl is aroused, a sympathy which is subsequently turned to love by a series of meetings for the discussion of high art. Mareze, deprived of the society of his favorite pupil, is conscious of a void, and only realizes the significance of his feeling when his own son announces his love for Juliette, and asks the parental consent to the marriage. It is here that Mr. Jerome's version of the play is weak and indefinite. The strongest emotion that he can allow to Mareze is a pronounced disinclination to seeing Juliette the wife of anybody, and particularly of his own son. The climactic scene, in which the wife becomes convinced of the perfect innocence of Juliette, and realizes that the solution of the problem is to be found in her marriage with Jacques, is dramatic, well written, and well played, but the method by which the consent of Mareze is finally obtained, through an announcement that he has been elected to the Academy, is decidedly inconclusive.

There are weak points in the play, and the tempo of the production throughout needs quickening, but it is an interesting and amusing little piece, well written, on the whole, and well acted by the Bandbox players. Eric Blind, in the principal rôle, a difficult and onerous one, gives an exceedingly clever performance, playing the temperamental artist with a nice understanding of character, and surmounting the difficulties propounded by the adapter in the emotional scenes at the end in a manner that is highly creditable. Miss Beverley Sitgreaves, as Mme. Mareze, has an unsympathetic part, and is unsympathetic in it. William Raymond, as Jacques Mareze, gives a well considered study of a boy, fresh and enthusiastic. The performance of Juliette by Miss Janet Dunbar stands out as an excellent piece of acting. She portrays admirably, and without the least strain or overemphasis, the innocent young girl forced by circumstances into a compromising position. Minor parts are capably played, and the stage settings are good. Altogether the opening production of the Bandbox encourages hope for its future success and usefulness.

S. W.

"TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT" AND "LADY LUXURY."

The production last week by the same management on successive nights of two musical comedies gives opportunity of comparing English and American methods in this field of light amusement. The comparison in one way is scarcely fair, since the English offering at the Shubert Theatre by the company of the Gaiety Theatre, London, starts with the advantage of a plot borrowed directly (not for the first time) from the old farce, "Pink Dominoes," which lends itself admirably to the incidental accompaniments of musical comedy. In its present incarnation it is entitled "To-night's the Night"; the book is written by Fred Thompson, and the music, which is tuneful and catchy, if of no particular originality, is by Paul A. Rubens. The American piece is Rida Johnson Young's "Lady Luxury," with pleasing music by William Schroeder, and a somewhat hackneyed and inflexible plot.

The comparison, however, is not as to which is intrinsically the better piece, for in musical comedy (as opposed to comic opera of the legitimate kind, an example of which New York has been fortunate enough to see this season in "The Lilac Domino"), that is really a minor consideration. The *ensemble* merit of these productions is to be judged by no criteria of dramatic or even of musical construction. All that is demanded is a thread of plot sufficient to give excuse for the various episodes which go to the making of the whole, and music that must be melodious and catchy, but need by no means be strikingly original. Apart, then, from the individual performances of the players, the all-important matter is the method of production. Other things being equal, the success or failure of a show of this description depends upon those who are responsible for its dressing, its lighting, its scenery, above all, the selection and rehearsing of its chorus. When we attend a musical comedy, we go, not craving intellectual stimulation, but only an agreeable satisfaction of the senses of sight and hearing, and some titillation, not too subtle, of the sense of humor. Musical comedy, in fact,

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is not legitimate drama or legitimate opera, but it is perfectly legitimate entertainment.

It is in observing a high standard of production that the English method in musical comedy seems to excel the American. Opinions may differ concerning the quality of the humor provided by the English comedians in "To-night's the Night." For our own part, we like the insouciant style of George Grossmith as the Hon. Dudley Mitten, and prefer the humor which is derived from character, as this is, to that which is dependent upon situation, as is the case in "Lady Luxury." But were the humor of the two pieces transposed, the English production would still be the better on account of the tempo at which it is played, and the precision and unison of the ensemble movements. The Gaiety chorus is not only exceedingly good to look upon (a quality for which Gaiety pieces are renowned), but it knows its business thoroughly, and is trained to move with not less precision, though with infinitely more grace, than a Prussian regiment doing the goose step. Added to this is the fact that the dressing and lighting are well studied and in admirable taste, and the result is a production the success of which is achieved mainly by an infinite capacity for taking pains.

It is precisely in this last quality that nine out of ten musical comedies produced on this side of the water are deficient. The Gaiety drill and discipline should not be beyond the powers of our producers. "Lady Luxury," for instance, though not a distinguished, is by no means a bad, example of the native musical comedy, and may be taken as fairly representative. Some of the musical numbers are extremely pretty, and the comedy of Edward Van Cuyler is sufficiently amusing, but the piece places its reliance almost entirely on the attractive personality of the star, Miss Ina Claire, and that is not enough to save it from intervals of dulness or to obscure the lack of adequate care bestowed on the rehearsing of the chorus.

We have emphasized the part played by the chorus in the Gaiety production rather at the expense of the principals, but favorable mention should be made both of the talents and of the natural charm of Miss Emmy Whelen, Miss Iris Hoey, and Miss Fay Compton. Maurice Farkoa, James Blakeley, and Lauri de Frece, among the principals, also contribute not a little to the success of the piece. S. W.

"JUST HERSELF."

The author of "Just Herself," Ethel Watts Mumford, chose a fitting title for the three-act comedy at The Playhouse, which was manifestly written arqund the personality of Lydia Lopokova. This accomplished dancer is the life of the performance, not only because of the few steps which are permitted her, but equally because of her youthful charm and her ability to act. The part which she has to fill is exacting only in the sense that it requires her to be her simple self, but even this would make too great a demand upon many an actress. Mlle. Lopokova contrives to forget the footlights and to be natural, and on the strength of her representation we venture to believe that she might safely be entrusted with other rôles. She would be notable, for instance, in "Peter Pan."

In "Just Herself," she takes the part of a girl of seventeen who has lived for twelve years at a dancing school in Germany. On her return to this country she finds her father married again, this time to his former cook's daughter, an aspiring woman to whom Euphemia's unconventional and radical ideas seem destined to thwart all social ambitions. The situation affords a chance for comedy of a rather obvious though amusing type, especially where the former cook, a woman who will tolerate no nonsense, quietly upsets some of her daughter's pretensions. In the end it is owing, of course, to Euphemia's charm that her people become intimately joined to the most fashionable of their neighbors, for there is, naturally, a "heart interest."

Perhaps the prettiest portion of this slender play is that at Euphemia's coming-out party, where she shows the artistic possibilities of the "fox trot" by putting into it the expression of her whole body. F.

The death of Baroness Suttner has called attention to the fact that one of the last pages written by the inveterate champion of peace was an enthusiastic appreciation of Carl Hauptmann's latest play, "Krieg," with the grimly ironical sub-title "Tedeum" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff). Although Frau von Suttner distinguished between the poet's and her own conception of war, she saw the powerful possibilities of the play as a medium of the message of peace, admitted being profoundly stirred and enriched by it, and said that she could not let the opportunity pass without publicly thanking the poet for this work.

Noble and significant as is this endorsement, the play is of a quality bound to make a deep and lasting impression under any circumstances. The suggestion of palpitating life and movement in the action, the originality of its haunting symbolism, are of a rare dramatic power. There is an element of the panoramic in the scenes themselves which seems to call for the genius of a Reinhardt or Belasco. In the first act there is a midnight congress of the world's Powers, ermine-covered bears, roosters, eagles, and other significant figures arriving in great state to convene under the presidency of "the great European mathematician," while in another part of the palace of the Minister of State is enacted a family drama, a tragic conflict between father and son. In the second act are pictured the feverish movements of a people responding to the call of the war-god, the discussions of politicians, the leave-takings of lovers, the marching of regiments to the tune of patriotic songs; but over it all hover horrible phantoms, personifying the evils that follow in the wake of war. The third act is one great orgy of bloodshed and bestiality, of life and death in savage combat, with the grewsome spectres of pestilence stalking about between the healthy and the ailing and reaping a loathsome harvest—until the figure of the great lord of war, with the traits of the Corsican, disappears in a golden chariot drawn by an enthusiastic mob, but followed by an army of skeletons in ragged uniforms that march across the stage to the tune of a dirge. The fourth act is the epilogue: palace and village are in ruins; cripples creep out from moundlike hovels that dot the once-thriving country. An aged priest is building a little temple. The sweetheart of Enoch, the son of the Minister of State, who fell in battle, comes with her new-born babe, and shows it to the pious man: "It is Enoch, my Enoch!" and the chorus of the people adds: "Enoch, the son of Cain!"

Art

ARCHITECTURE IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE

Vitruvius: The Ten Books on Architecture. Translated by Morris Hicky Morgan. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.50 net.

The name of Vitruvius is familiar to all students of architecture, and to many who have but a superficial knowledge of this subject; but his writings are known to few; and this new translation of his ten books on Architecture, in attractive form, will be welcomed by many within and without the profession.

Although some doubts have been cast upon its authorship and the date of its production, the book is now generally conceded to have been written by Marcus Vitruvius Pollio during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, to whom it is dedicated. That the text has been preserved to us is without doubt due to the fact that it contains in the third, fourth, and fifth of its ten books certain rules for the proportioning of the plans, and details of design and construction of temples, and other columnar structures, which rules its author professes to have gained by study of the practice of the Greek architects and their Roman followers. The other seven books contain nothing of value to the architect; and these three indeed give us no just picture of the working methods of the real Greek and Roman architects, but rather of those of the mechanical copyist who, failing of inventive ability, seeks to reduce all design to definite formulæ. Such men live in all ages; and that they lived in Greece is evidenced by the sources from which Vitruvius drew his own rules. That they abounded in Rome is clear from the fact that Vitruvius thought it worth while to write the book before us; but this fact must not be allowed to strengthen the all too common view that no real creative architects lived among the Romans; the falsity of such a notion being shown in the ruined works they have left to us, which display a remarkable fund of imagination and inventiveness in the development of the forms inherited from Greece.

That Vitruvius himself was one of these plodding copyists seems probable from his own statements, one of which (p. 168), being of more than passing interest, may be quoted in full:

For my part, Cæsar, I have never been eager to make money by my art, but have gone on the principle that slender means and a good reputation are preferable to wealth and disrepute. For this reason, only a little celebrity has followed; but still, my hope is that, with the publication of these books, I shall become known even to posterity. And it is not to be wondered at that I am so generally unknown. Other architects go about and ask for opportunities to practice their profession; but I have been taught by my instructors that it is the proper thing to undertake a charge only after being asked, and not to ask for it; since a gentleman will blush with shame at petitioning for a thing that

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arouses suspicion. It is in fact those who can grant favors that are courted, not those who receive them. What are we to think must be the suspicions of a man who is asked to allow his private means to be expended in order to please a petitioner? Must he not believe that the thing is to be done for the profit and advantage of that individual?

Little could Vitruvius in his wildest dreams have imagined that in a continent then undiscovered, and after nineteen centuries, his name would still be known. Little did he appreciate the fact that the evils he deplores in the passage just quoted were grounded in human nature, and that they would persist even to our time.

How little human nature has changed during this lapse of centuries is shown again in another instructive passage (p. 281):

> In the famous and important Greek city of Ephesus there is said to be an ancient ancestral law, the terms of which are severe, but its justice is not inequitable. When an architect accepts the charge of a public work, he has to promise what the cost of it will be. His estimate is handed to the magistrate, and his property is pledged as security until the work is done. . . .
>
> Would to God that this were also a law of the Roman people, not merely for public, but also for private buildings. For the ignorant would no longer run riot with impunity, but men who are well qualified by an exact scientific training would unquestionably adopt the profession of architecture. Gentlemen would not be misled into limitless and prodigal expenditure, even to ejectments from their estates, and the architects themselves could be forced, by fear of the penalty, to be more careful in calculating and stating the limit of expense, so that gentlemen would procure their buildings for that which they had expected, or by adding only a little more.

It has been remarked above that all but three of the ten books composing the volume are valueless to the architect; but this does not imply that they are without great worth as a human document. It is indeed most fortunate that the practical use of these three books led to the preservation of the remaining seven; for these latter give us an intensely interesting picture of Vitruvius himself, and a suggestive indication of the characteristics of the society in which he lived. He was evidently a man of high social position, for otherwise he would not have enjoyed the patronage of Augustus and of his sister, Octavia Minor. His remarks concerning himself show that he had received what at that time was a very liberal education, that he was thoroughly familiar with Greek, and was a great reader. A sidelight is thus thrown upon the nature of the training given to the men of social position in his time. It did not include any compulsory drill in the art of composition; for, as is noted in the translator's preface, the author was certainly "not a great literary personage, ambitious as he was to appear in that character." His style is turgid and pompous, and "at times his meaning is ambiguous, not because of grammatical faults, . . . but because, when he does attempt a periodic sentence, he becomes involved, and finds it difficult to extricate himself." This is sufficiently illustrated in the passages quoted above; for the translator deliberately imitated the author's peculiarities and crudities of expression, "because of his conviction that a translation should not merely reproduce the substance of a book, but should also give as clear a picture as possible of the original, of its author, and of the working of his mind."

He exhibits himself as a man of inordinate conceit who has gained from his broad reading a smattering of many branches of the learning of his day of which he makes a great display, especially in long introductions which generally deal with matters quite irrelevant to the subjects treated in the books they introduce. Men of his type are, of course, familiar to us in our time, but they are seldom able to leave a record of their conceptions and modes of thought. Here, however, we have such a record, and one that, being published under imperial patronage, may be assumed to have met with no serious disapprobation from those of the author's social position. And if such an assumption is warranted, the average "gentleman and scholar" of the Augustan era must have been an astonishingly crude thinker. His professional work naturally led him to discourse freely of engineering and building practice, and in this he shows a superficiality that is truly astonishing. It is impossible to believe that the Romans could have constructed the vast and noble works built in his day had they been dependent for direction upon architects of the type of our author. To accomplish what they did must have required great and accurate knowledge; but this, it would seem, must have been hidden from the architects, as trade secrets of the guilds.

But our author deals with many subjects far removed from his constructional interests, giving us explanations of the nature of different materials, of natural phenomena, of the activities of the body, and of the diversities of the mental and physical traits of men, all being based upon the most absurd hypotheses which cannot possibly have been entertained by the really learned men of his day.

The book is beautifully printed and appropriately illustrated. Professor Morgan died before the completion of the translation of the last four chapters of the tenth book, which was undertaken by Prof. Albert A. Howard, who also writes the preface above referred to; the whole work being prepared under the direction of Prof. H. Langford Warren.

"The Inner Life of the Royal Academy," by G. F. Leslie (Dutton, illustrated; $3.50 net), is a mine of anecdote and reminiscence. For forty-six years Mr. Leslie has been sealed of the academic tribe, and for more than twenty years earlier he had the run of the varnishing days as his father's son. It is something to have seen Turner put the final flourishes on Rain, Steam and Speed, and to tell of it well. Mr. Leslie pretty well reveals the secrets of the prison house. He tells how the schools are managed, they still have the absurdity of a new teacher every month; how the pictures are judged and hung, about the family sociabilities of varnishing day, and the greater state of Royal views and Academy dinners. The conduct of the Chantrey bequest is defended. The precious possessions of the Academy are enumerated, but without mention of the lovely cartoon of St. Anne by Leonardo. It is, after all, not being an oil painting, a minor affair from the academic point of view. Generally speaking, one has rather the sense of being among jolly people than among great artists as one runs over the pages, and of course such is the case. Mr. Leslie has a shrewd sense for a good quip or an anecdote, but not much vividness as a characterizer. Yet there is something graphic enough in the hint of Leighton's olympian if always genial aloofness. It was Leighton, according to Mr. Leslie, who introduced an unhappy Continental strain into the pure British tradition. Thus the old, beloved, free-selling picture with a story was discredited, to the detriment of the British artist and public. One is agreeably surprised to read of Gérôme that (before Whistler had discovered London) "he astonished us by expressing his admiration for the foggy gloom of the London streets, he wondered why we did not introduce it into our paintings." Very interesting is the description of Turner's carrying his canvases to exhibition pitch on varnishing day. He kept a supply of faintly painted and fully dried canvases ready. These had a "delicate effect, almost in monochrome, and very beautiful they looked, often like milky ghosts." These, once hung, he proceeded to bedevil with the brightest and most treacherous colors in his tubes. Such eleventh-hour painting, in Mr. Leslie's opinion, has spoiled and changed. All the exhibited canvases are wrecks, and might as well be thrown away. The remarkable pictures lately put into the Tate Gallery are of a different sort. "The safest and simplest pigments alone were used. If I am right in my conjecture, we ought to be thankful that they never were exhibited, for, if this had been the case, they would, most likely, have by this time been ruined by the deleterious pigments with which he would have overlaid them on the varnishing days." Such a view helps to explain the dismay that many a reader of "Modern Painters" has felt on entering the Turner Room in the National Gallery. Many such tidbits may be gleaned from Mr. Leslie's reminiscences, which may be enjoyed even by those who do not wholly share his confidence in the best possible Academy in the best possible world.

"British Painters, their Story and their Art," by J. Edgcumbe Staley (Stokes; $1.75 net), is an odd combination of a catalogue and a sustained rhapsody. All British artists look alike good to the author. Analogies fly to his pen. Hogarth's Shrimp Girl is the English Mona Lisa. This constant unmodulated outpouring of professional enthusiasm grows very tiresome in the end, and it is hardly redeemed by the two dozen color plates of mediocre execution which the text enshrines.

In "The Study of Modern Painting" (The Century Co., $2 net, illustrated), Margaret Steele Anderson makes a rapid survey of the art in Europe and America, and arrives at the conclusion that a decorative-idyllic tendency is the modern note. The chapters are clearly written and judicious, but the whole

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thing makes the impression of a result not attained vividly before pictures but excerpted and paraphrased from books. Only some such process would seem to account for the following observations on Brangwyn: "Brangwyn has been likened to Mantegna, but the likeness is only occasional. He is certainly descended from Venice, however, with something of the splendid Turner. He has little of the effect of the pallid Chavannes, though evidently learning from that innovator," etc. It is fair to add that the book is better than so sapient an extract would indicate, and that it may be helpful to those whose ill-assorted information and admirations need a very elementary putting in order.

"An Idler in Spain, the Record of a Goya Pilgrimage" (McBride, Nast; $2 net), by J. E. Crawford Flitch, deals as much with Spain as with Goya. Mr. Flitch is a capital traveller of the enthusiastic and impressionable type, and whether he discusses morning coffee at Barcelona, the soul of Goya's Zaragoza, or particular pictures, is always entertaining. Much good criticism is interwoven, and perhaps rather lost, in the general whimsicality. It would be hard to hit off the diabolism of Goya more briefly than this: "The violent and the tragic fascinated him because in violence and tragedy life is usually raised to a higher power." In a pretty careful description of the religious wall paintings which, sadly restored, still remain in the Carthusian Aula Dei, near Zaragoza, Mr. Flitch makes a distinct contribution. It is the first consistent account of early works that had become nearly legendary. His defence of the more than secular decorations of San Antonio de la Florida is more specious than convincing. The book is always stimulating, perhaps just a little over-vivacious, as is natural in an avowed devotee of Hilaire Belloc. It will be read with interest by lovers of idiomatic Spain. There are eight illustrations after Goya.

Finance

THE PAST FINANCIAL YEAR.

In the last two weeks of last January, there occurred on the markets a movement so emphatic in its character, and so world-wide in its scope, as to lead in many quarters to the inference that an unmistakable drift of financial affairs in 1914 towards great prosperity was being indicated. It began in Europe, where the bank rates, long kept at high figures because of uneasiness as to international relations after the Balkan War, were reduced in a way almost sensational. These reductions occurred at London, Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Austria, Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland. Some of the banks made two or three reductions. All of them went to the lowest rates established since the Balkan states, in the autumn of 1912, invaded Turkey. And along with this world-wide expression of confidence at the banks, the stock markets rose violently. German Government bonds advanced 4 points, British consols 8¼, French rentes 2, Austrian bonds 2½. Other stocks at Berlin, Paris, and London moved up even more rapidly. On the New York Stock Exchange, with the largest trading in two years, prices rose 6 to 11 points. Wall Street called it "the first bull market since the panic."

To this day, nobody knows exactly what it was that caused so sudden (and so short-lived) a burst of financial confidence as that of the first five weeks of 1914. Neither the "White Paper" nor the "Yellow Paper" nor the "Orange Paper" gives the slightest hint of any sudden turn to diplomatic optimism at that time. Yet, if the storm-clouds of European war had actually blown away, it is not at all improbable that the enthusiastic January rise on the New York Stock Exchange would have been pointed out, at this present time, as the correct harbinger of financial conditions, in the United States at any rate, during the rest of 1914.

When one now takes account of stock as to the year's actual results in financial America—if one can disregard the war and its influences, and measure other achievements as they would have been measured in an ordinary year—the story is rather impressive. A wheat crop in the United States larger by 127,600,000 bushels than the previous high-record crop of the year before, and coming when the rest of the world's production was 361,600,000 bushels less than in 1913. A cotton crop probably surpassing all precedent. A harvest of other grains than wheat 274,000,000 bushels above last year. A new banking system introduced in the United States, which automatically released some $300,000,000 of reserve money.

And as a condition precedent to these numerous notable contributions to reviving prosperity, there was the policy, long pursued on the Stock Exchange, in our producing industries, in the providing of stocks of goods on merchants' shelves, and in the conducting of general business—a policy characterized by strict economy, conservative values, close margin of supplies, and total absence of speculation. It would not require a very bold stretch of fancy to imagine—if the German Government had chosen to stop Austria from throwing her torch into the powder-barrel—an autumn of great American prosperity.

After the interval of financial nightmare, since that January demonstration, we are just now beginning to understand what was the meaning of all these underlying conditions of 1914 in the United States itself, even with the world's financial and commercial relations shattered by the European catastrophe. That the year should be ending with the American Stock Exchange the first of all the world to open for free trading; with prices, in spite of reaction from their highest level, holding above the closing quotations of July 30; with money easy, after all our huge gold shipments to meet Europe's abnormal requisitions on us, and yet with the foreign exchanges moving emphatically in favor of this country—all this, in its way, is quite as strong testimony to the intrinsic strength of the American position as was the demonstration on the stock market last January.

If there had been no war, and no perpetual threat of war, it is probable that a review of the governing influences of 1914 in American finance would be made up of the year's extraordinary agricultural good fortune, of the new demand which had sprung up in every manufacturing industry in the autumn, of the great expansion in our export trade, recovery on the investment markets, and of the general movement of prosperity. As it is, the year's financial history in this country will undoubtedly be remembered for the firmness and decision with which the shock of the European war was met, the straightforwardness with which we settled the foreign indebtedness that suddenly called for payment, and the immediate discovery of the extent to which Europe had to depend on the United States for its materials and necessaries of life.

As to whether, without the outbreak of European war at the opening of August, we should have had an autumn of really great financial and industrial revival—on that point, opinions will doubtless always differ. The materials were present; but they were also present in the autumn of 1913, when every favorable material influence was superseded by the apprehensions of coming war. This leaves the question open, whether the events of August were or were not the inevitable sequel to the events of 1911 and 1913, and whether the avoiding of war in 1914 would merely have meant postponement, with financial misgiving and agitation continued until the day of reckoning should arrive. Historians will debate that question from now to the end of time; for, in the nature of the case, it is a question to which no conclusive answer will ever be possible.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amphora of R. L. Stevenson. Illinois: The Herrin News.
Anecdota Oxoniensia. Texts, Documents, and Extracts. Edited by M. R. James. Oxford University Press. 18s. 6d.
Browne, E. G. The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia. Cambridge University Press. (Putnam.) $3 net.
Day, Rev. L. B. Folk Tales of Bengal. Illus. by W. Goble. Macmillan. $4.25 net.
Hall, J. R. C. Beowulf. Cambridge University Press. (Putnam.) 65 cents net.
O'Conor, N. J. Beside the Blackwater. Lane. $1 net.
Rhys, Sir John. Gleanings in the Italian Field of Celtic Epigraphy. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Sly, W. J. World Stories Retold. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1 net.
Whitelock, W. M. E. Brittany with Bergère. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Coleman, G. W. The People's Prayers. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 50 cents net.
George, L. F. The Naked Truth of Jesusism. George Book Co.
Hobart, A. S. Transplanted Truths. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 75 cents net.
Sanders, F. K. History of the Hebrews. Scribner.
Stebbing, L. S. Pragmatism and French Voluntarism. Cambridge University Press. (Putnam.) 60 cents net.

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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Annual Report on Reforms and Progress in Chosen Korea. 1912-13. Compiled by Government-General of Chosen.
Foster, W. The English Factories in India. 1646-1650. Oxford University Press.
Fullerton, W. M. Problems of Power. New and revised edition. Scribner.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cheesman, G. L. The Auxilia of the Roman Imperial Army. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Forrest, Sir George. The Life of Lord Roberts. Stokes.
Guedalia, P. The Partition of Europe. Oxford University Press. $1.10 net.
Muir, Ramsay. Britain's Case against Germany. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Russell, C. E. The Story of Wendell Phillips. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
The Diplomatic History of the War. Edited by M. P. Price. Scribner.

TRAVEL.

Priestley, R. E. Antarctic Adventure. Dutton.

POETRY.

Stone, C. Sea Songs and Ballads. Introduction by C. Bridge. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Stone, C. War Songs. Introduction by Sir I. Hamilton. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Wilson, A. The Lutanist. Boston: Badger.

SCIENCE.

Chance, M. B. Self-Training for Mothers. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Freeman, F. N. The Teaching of Handwriting. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Poincaré, H. Science and Method. Scribner.
Talbot, F. A. The Oil Conquest of the World. Conquests of Science Series. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Barrie, J. M. Der Tag, or The Tragic Man. Scribner.

ART.

Littmann, Enno. Semitic Inscriptions. Section A. Division IV. Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expeditions. E. J. Brill.

JUVENILE.

Wilson, R. The Indian Story Book. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Sedaine, Michel-Jean. Le Philosophe sans le Savoir. Edited by T. E. Oliver. Oxford French Series. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
Wilbur, M. A. Every-Day Business for Women. School edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.

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